WALTER BUTLER MAHONY
Editor

WILLIAM ALTON DEWITT
Managing Editor

VIRGINIA BARNEY
Assistant Editor

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The Financial Outlook

By John Pell

A Suggestion

Congress continues to toy with the idea that stock market speculation, being responsible for the depression, should be curbed. The principal result of Congressional bickering on this subject (as upon some others) is a public demonstration of the fact that a good many Congressmen know little about business and finance. Regrettably, it has become only too clear in the last two years that many business men are in the same position.

Congressional rancor, not unexpectedly, has centred on the bears. The fact that a few men have made money out of the havoc and tragedy of the depression is enough to focus a good deal of anger and bitterness upon them. In so far as bear raiding has taken place — and it has taken place — harm has been done. But the Stock Exchange has probably already succeeded in curbing this practice by its ruling that short stock can not be "sold down." Furthermore, as I stated last month, the aggregate amount of harm done by the shorts is fractional compared to that wrought by the conductors of bull campaigns.

The banks have been the principal sufferers from the collapse of security values. Of course their grief has been passed on to industry, and to the people, as far as possible, but in a good many cases the banks have found themselves holding the bag. As a result, they would probably be more willing than ever before to devise a means of avoiding a repetition of what they have just been through.

I offer herewith a suggestion which may contain the germ of a useful idea. I offer it only as such, in the hope that some one will see fit to develop it.

I appeal to the self interest of the banks. Their interests are, after all, interwoven with those of the community; what is good for them is good for all of us.

While it is profitable, in good times, to lend money at a high rate in unlimited quantities, the profits so gained are more than eaten up by the depreciation of assets which results from calling loans in an equally unchecked way during a depression. Would it not be better business in the long run to lend less money on security the quoted price of which rested mainly on the ability of speculators to borrow against it?

There is an old saying in Wall Street that stocks may go down, but they are *put* up. The aggregate reinvestment demand for securities which results only from the savings of the people does not, in normal times, exceed the supply of new securities and can not, therefore, have any material effect on the price structure.

The prices of equities are put up by bull campaigns conducted by market operators. Within reasonable bounds these operations are beneficial to the business community. During periods of rising prices public psychology is optimistic, suckers are abundant and business profits high. But there are reasonable bounds which, nobody now doubts, were exceeded during the last period of rising prices.

The bull campaigns are, of necessity, conducted on credit. If an individual had already in his possession the literally millions of dollars required to run a pool in a stock, or corner the supply of a commodity, he would be a capitalist rather than an entrepreneur with interests directly opposed to those of the latter. He would be giving away dimes instead of borrowing dollars.

The primary necessity for a successful bull campaign, then, is an abundant supply of credit. The great NewYork banks have it in their power to hold price inflation within proper bounds; by failing to exert this power in 1928 and 1929 these banks betrayed their trust and have suffered severally and only justly in prestige.

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Now it is all very well to talk about limiting credit but how are you going to do it? I propose the following:

At present the collateral value of a security is judged solely by its market price. The fundamental fallacy of this practice is of course the fact that if you can borrow enough money you can put the price of any security or commodity up. As the value of your collateral rises you can borrow more and put the price still higher, continuing the process *ad infinitum* — unless the supply of credit gives out. That is of course what happened in 1929.

I suggest that instead of determining the collateral value of a given stock by its quoted price, its value should be determined by earnings. A fair value for any stock would be ten times the average earnings of the past five years. Whereas the banks are now permitted to lend as much as they choose on Stock Exchange collateral, and in good times do lend as much as seventy-five per cent of the quoted price, I propose that the banking laws should be amended limiting the amount of credit which may be extended by any national or State bank on stock exchange collateral to an arbitrary amount fixed at ten times the average of the last five years' earnings. In the case of new securities, the collateral value should be limited to one hundred per cent of the issue price. This would not eliminate bull markets. Stock prices would continue to anticipate earnings. But speculative orgies in the stock market would, I believe, be impossible — to the infinite benefit of the community. Operators would then turn their attention to commodities and real estate, and a similar method would have to be determined for establishing their collateral value.

It would be better for the community if the banks would regulate themselves as, for example, the New York Stock Exchange has done in the case of bear raiding, and avoid the necessity of further multiplication of laws. Unfortunately, the banks have shown, only too clearly, that they are unable to assume the responsibility for their own conduct. Their greed knows no bounds. The inevitable result will be legal regulation of one sort or another. Let us hope that it is intelligent.

High money rates in 1928 and 1929 developed a reservoir of credit for speculative operations outside of the banks — the so-called "loans for others." This source of supply can and should be dammed up entirely. Lending on Stock Exchange collateral should be prohibited to corporations not engaged in the banking business.

Taxes

THE uncertainty as to just what form our taxes will finally take has unquestionably tended to retard business activity during the last few weeks. The principal advantages of the sales tax are that it will really raise money, and, by reaching many people, will attract their attention to the high cost of government. The principal disadvantages of the high supertax and inheritance tax is that they can and will be avoided. Any settlement, however, will be a good thing for the business community.

Prohibition

THE higher supertax, if passed, will probably produce one real benefit to the community. It will deflect a good many important contributions from the campaign funds, unless the party managers adopt wet platforms. I believe that there is a growing probability of some sort of wetness being injected into the Republican campaign, either in the form of a wet platform or a wet vice-president. The people are realizing, in rapidly growing numbers, that Prohibition, as a luxury, is not worth the cost. The danger to the wet cause is that some sort of compromise, such as the Beck-Linthicum proposal, will be adopted. The repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment is, in my opinion, only a matter of time.

War Debts

THE banking situation, Prohibition and the War debts are the three most serious problems facing us today. Settle them intelligently and the depression will be history.

I hope — although not confidently — that a solution for the War debt problem will be reached at Lausanne in June. Entirely as a matter of expediency, I should favor a three-year moratorium of all principal and interest

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BOOKS IN BRIEF REVIEW

By VIRGINIA BARNEY

BIOGRAPHY

Set My People Free. By *William E. Lilly*. New York: Farrar and Rinehart. $2.50.

A story of the life of Lincoln, particularly interesting for its point of view, that of one of the race that he freed.

"Pat" Hurley. The Story of an American. By *Parker LaMoore*. New York: Brewer, Warren & Putnam. $1.50.

A short biography of a man who fought his way from a humble start to the appointment of Secretary of War.

FICTION

The Mother. By *Yusuke Tsurumi*. New York: Rae D. Henkle. $2.50. Translated by the author.

A picture of present-day Japanese life, with its customs and thought, written originally for Japanese readers.

Blueberry Pie. By *Thyra Samter Winslow*. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

A collection of short stories in which a keen observer describes with a caustic pen the activities of some commonplace people.

POETRY

Without Sanctuary. By *Mary Britton Miller*. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.35.

Miss Miller has the gift of being able to see the actuality of life and to express what she sees with beauty.

Our Lady's Choir. Edited by *William Stanley Braithwaite*. Boston: Bruce Humphries. $2.50.

This contemporary anthology of verse by various Catholic sisters with its deep beauty of feeling and expression is a unique contribution to the field of poetry.

Santiago Poems and Other Verses. By *Herbert Wickenheiser*. Boston: The Stratford Company. $2.00.

The author writes in a variety of moods and in forms which cover a range of tempo.

RELIGION

The Minister, the Method, and the Message. By *Harold Adye Prichard*. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50.

Canon Prichard here considers the various demands on the minister in the present day, and the responsibility of the sermon as the strong factor in the Church.

A Lamp Unto My Feet. By *John R. Gunn*. New York: Ray Long and Richard R. Smith. $1.50.

Comments, heartening to discouraged people, on Scripture verses which are particularly applicable to the stress of the times.

payments. No suggestion of cancellation should be countenanced by us.

We have been so flooded with cancellation propaganda that we have almost entirely forgotten what actually took place. We have heard so many Europeans talking about "Uncle Shylock" that we have come to believe there must be something in it. Throw enough mud and some always sticks.

Admitting that the American people are the greatest suckers of all times, it is comforting to realize that we are not the only capitalists who have ever gone wrong. England has probably lost just as many billions of dollars in stupid foreign loans as we. She lent huge sums of money to the Confederacy during our Civil War, and has probably exceeded even us in the amount of money thrown away in South America.

Ford

HENRY FORD is the *bête noir* of the spring of 1932. By talking about his new cars he has succeeded in preventing his competitors from making sales, increasing the already severe stagnation of business.

Depression

THE first quarter of 1932 will mark the lowest ebb of business activity and corporate profits reached in the depression so far. First quarter reports of some of our leading companies are almost unbelievably bad. At the same time, there are at last tangible factors discernible working for improvement. The banking situation is the basic one. It is now clear that our national credit probably came closer last fall to a complete collapse than ever before in our history. After such a shock it will take time to recover. The optimists still have many disappointments ahead of them. But I believe that the crisis is past, and I do not foresee another one. As I wrote when it was proposed, the Administration's anti-deflation campaign deserves nothing but praise. Bank failures have let up and hoarding is apparently decreasing. On the other hand, the immediate effect of the shock last fall was a further slackening of business all along the line, and so far there has been no material increase, largely because the bankers still have their tails between their legs, and it is impossible to get money.

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England

CONFIDENCE in its own recuperative powers is growing in England. As I pointed out some time ago, the flow of gold from India to England, which has resulted from the depreciation of sterling is a phenomenon of the greatest importance. I believe that we shall look back upon it some day as one of the principal factors in the recovery from the present depression. Further improvement in England will increase the demand for American goods, in spite of the new tariff.

Conclusion

IT WILL not be so easy for us to turn about face — to abandon socialism and balance the budget — as it was for England, because our people are not homogeneous. The Duke, living in an immense house on an estate of hundreds of thousands of acres, has more in common with his tenants and his neighboring squires, than has the utility magnate living in a Park Avenue flat with the immigrant living in a flat three or four blocks away. The movement in Congress which was designed to do more to destroy the value of New York real property than any other piece of legislation ever initiated was sponsored by a New York Representative — La Guardia.

The millions of people who have come to this country from the impoverished cities of Europe during the last few generations were not attracted by the climate. They believed that the United States, because of its political system and unlimited resources could give them what they knew they could never get at home — material comfort and prosperity. The idea spread, the possibility developed into a right, it became the duty of the Government to provide for soldiers, the unemployed, the aged.

In the end we shall learn, as the Romans learned, that governments can give nothing; they can only take. Today our various governments take one out of every five dollars we earn, and still the national deficit is mounting at the rate of seven million dollars a day.

The man who owns little or no property believes that he pays no taxes that, through the Government, he is getting something for nothing. He should find out what proportion of his rent goes for taxes.

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SOVIET UNION

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By Way of Introduction

Otto David Tolischus (*Debts and the Hoover Programme*) has been a correspondent for American newspapers in Europe for nine years. Recently he was European manager of the International News Service in London. He is a graduate of Columbia University, School of Journalism, and previous to his European work was managing editor of the Cleveland Press, Cleveland, Ohio.

Kenneth Colegrove (*The War Lords of Japan*), professor of political science in Northwestern University, is a doctor of philosophy from Harvard, a former editor of the *European Economic & Political Survey*, published in Paris, writer of books and articles in the field of international government and comparative law, and founder of the largest collection of documents on Japanese government and politics outside the Orient.

Montrose J. Moses (*Who Won It This Year?*) is an editor, and author and lecturer on various phases of literature and drama.

Wayne Gard (*The Wheat Belt Looks Seaward*) is an editorial writer for the Des Moines *Register and Tribune* and a part-time lecturer at Drake University. Recently he spent three years in India as correspondent for the Associated Press.

Herbert C. Pell (*Why a Navy?*) was a Member of the Sixty-Sixth Congress from New York. Several of his articles have appeared in this magazine, among them one on tariffs in the January issue.

Norman Lombard (*The President's Opportunity*) formerly was executive vice-president of the Stable Money Association, and has written a good deal on the subject of the control of credit. Some years before the crash of 1929 the editor of this magazine was his guest at a dinner attended by such eminent business men and economists as Owen D. Young and E. W. Kemmerer. Even then the opinion was expressed that there were factors of grave danger in the world gold situation, and its unintelligent handling — an opinion that is swiftly gaining converts now.

M. Luckiesh (*A Scientific Fortune Teller*), director of the Lighting Research Laboratory of the General Electric Company in Cleveland since 1924, has made many important developments in the field of lighting and has received medals for his distinguished services, one being for his work on the visibility of airplanes during the War. His publications include seventeen books and hundreds of scientific and technical articles.

Edwin Ware Hullinger (*Fumigating the Movies*), author, lecturer and syndicate writer, was, during the World War and after, a member of the foreign staff of the United Press, stationed successively in London, Paris and Moscow. For an additional two years, he was a special writer in Europe for the New York *Times*. Two years ago he settled in Hollywood. This article is the result of close contact with moving picture studios.

Murray Godwin (*Hamtramck vs. Ford*) has written extensively for leading magazines and for the literary sections of city dailies. His home is in New York City.

Dayton Kohler (*The Search Goes On*) attended Gettysburg College and the University of Virginia. He now teaches English at the Virginia Polytechnic Institute.

Herbert L. Coggins (*More Red Blood in Mother Goose*), a manufacturer on the Pacific Coast, formerly an editor, writes, lectures and takes an active interest in politics on the liberal side.

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Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur

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Apéritif

Slightly Hair-Raising

BECAUSE I was no more than six or seven when I saw this phenomenon, or whatever you would call it, I took the trouble lately to inquire about it of another person who had been older than I at the time and who also had been in the town. It was surprising how well our recollections tallied.

There was this house — as nearly as I can remember, it was a dismal-looking place, well fit for Poesque doings, but that may be wrong — in a small village of Northern Michigan. The boy who lived in it was proud of its peculiarity, as was natural, but he seemed also to be frightened of it. I know I was and should not have lived there for anything.

He showed me the window several times, both from inside and out, always in the daytime. The mark on it was quite plain, even from the inside — a heavy shadow for the base of the thumb, lighter ones for the opposite edge of the palm and the finger tips, even a round mark for the button of the glove, though why there should have been a glove I can not for the life of me remember. Three different panes had been put in, according to the story, and still the mark remained.

This story had it further that a man had shot his step-mother to death in the house, then placed the muzzle of his shot-gun in his mouth and blown off his own head. As the woman fell, her hand touched the window pane, leaving the mark, which persisted for many years and then, as unaccountably, disappeared.

No realistic explanation was ever given, to the best of my knowledge, but that is not denying that there was one. What interests me more is the boy who lived in the house. I moved away before I was eight and have never seen or heard of him again, yet often I have amused myself wondering what effect the whole thing had on him in after life.

In case the question seems hypothetical to the point of absurdity, let me make excuse before going further. Small towns in America before the advent of pernicious machine-age-ism usually had some local horror superstition, such as this. Our literature is full of it, if proof be needed, and anyhow all the condi-

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tions governing small towns demanded it. Then in more specific excuse, our urban life of today is made up of — indeed, largely made up by — such small boys as the one I mention. It must be reasonable to assume that the majority of boys born of a degree of intelligence in that generation and with an American background of at least one other generation have left their small towns and now are living in and affecting the cities. So that, putting the two together, my ghostly glove mark may really be worthier of examination than I think.

Suppose, for instance, that the boy left his small town soon after I did, still firmly believing in the superstition (if such it was). Probably he received the generous education available almost anywhere in the country, perhaps even graduating from college. It seems likely enough that he went into the advertising business; it was an auspicious time. Perhaps he wrote copy or thought up ideas for advertisements. Is it inconceivable that memory of that glove mark added mystical abandon to his imagination, already urged to free play by his employers?

Maybe his firm handled funeral parlor accounts. Perhaps he was responsible for the diabolically subtle twist that is given to some of this literature — instilling the notion that the deceased's aura will haunt the funeral proceedings and be hurt if they are not carried out with a proper gloomy relish, with an extravagant and barbarous display that no sane person would endure if bolstered custom did not demand it. Responsible, perhaps, for the inhibitory fear of words which might assume too plainly that there are corpses around in need of attentions obtainable for cash.

But there would be no need for so close an affinity with the glove. Anything from cigarettes to steam rollers could have been advertised by some one with an impress of the impossible on his soul. And in that perhaps most profitable phase of the profession, horrifying the susceptible into buying dubious potions, salves and apparatus with fears of disease and everlasting death, to say nothing of social ostracism, he obviously would be at his best.

Suppose, instead, that he went into a bank. Granting him a prodigious genius for the business and phenomenal influence, he might by this time have come to be one of Representative Louis McFadden's favorite fables, the international banker. In which case, it would be easy enough to explain those South American loans. When our banker saw the moving finger writing upon the wall he could stare at it calmly and go about his business. Had he not seen something equally fearful years before, and not been affected? Further, when certain no less fateful, but more concrete, writings came to hand, concerning defaulted bonds, his reaction might be backward toward the superstitious, connecting the writing hand with the gloved one, and saying gravely, "There is nothing to be done. All things are strange and with God. We can only deflate."

Or if he went into medicine, there too he would have found congenial surroundings. When he took the

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Oath of Hippocrates, among other things sealing his lips to the errors of his brethren, lest the people lose their confidence, any still small voice of doubt he might have had would have vanished at the thought that, if so easily seen a thing as that hand mark never was explained, then why should doctors, who obviously knew so much better than laymen their business, do anything but resent questions implying their human fallibility? And himself recognizing that fallibility, why would he turn his idealistic face averse from split fees, unnecessary operations and the pleasant path of avoiding progress? Certainly, if that same inexplicability led him to doubt the easy cure, the displayed omnipotence of his skill, there would be little peace or prosperity in his life. Probably he chose a middle course, with enough profitless idealism on one side to balance the necessity of charging his patients according to his own ideas of their ability to pay on the other.

Or he might have gone into architecture and perpetrated numbers of those gruesome concoctions of steel, stone or plaster that dot our cities and countryside with horror for the æsthetes.

Or become a modernistic artist.

Or an "experimental" novelist.

Or he might have become a lawyer, gone into politics and known from analogy the unreasonableness of explaining a tin box.

As a statesman he would have been more than ordinarily in tune with the infinite. On our Foreign Relations Committee in the Senate he could have explained, presumably by the button on that long past glove, exactly what should be done about the Polish Corridor — without ever the necessity of going there. Again by his early training in inexplicability, he would know the aloof connection between God, home and mother, and eligibility for high office. He could show you with a mere wave of the hand how prohibitive tariffs improve our foreign trade — because even if a dying woman's hand did touch that window, it failed to break it, and left a sign. Perhaps the sign also gave some clue to the reason why a patriotic organization has and should have support for a two billion dollar selective dole when one of the world's main fears is that our already overburdened budget will not be balanced. All things would be clear to him in government, even why the legislative body refuses obdurately to appropriate money for the enforcement of its best-beloved moral law.

As a manufacturer he might have done better even than as a statesman. In part he could have functioned so as both, making tariffs and gimcracks with either hand, but refusing religiously to follow the Biblical hint of denying one's knowledge to the other. Because each time the old glove-marked pane had been replaced the mark reappeared, he would have had ample reason to believe that every time he built new factories for his product with the heart-warming profits which flowed in new ghostly hands would appear at the retail counters all over this broad land to buy the ever-increasing merchandise — though he did nothing, or as little as possible, to hand

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out money for their use in purchasing. Because he remembered that most of the townspeople had accepted the dank story without more than visual corroboration, he would have felt confident that he could say anything he liked about his wares and have it believed, as long as he spoke in gaudy print where the lazy populace could read it without effort or even recollection — just as another dent in its sub-conscious. If it occurred to him that cut-throat competition for new territories was taking appreciable slices from his profit, he might remember that, although those three replacements of the pane cost something, the ghostly hand *did* come back, and with plenty of attention from the villagers. Maybe there are other ways the recollection could have brought him to a state of affluence, with broad properties, carloads of stock on his shelves, surplus profits in myriad shares of once expensive securities, in this year of grace, 1932. But one could imagine those thousand-odd economists of 1930 scoffing at the whole story.

As an unemployed worker, white-collar or otherwise, I am not so sure how much it would have helped him. Possibly he would have forgotten it altogether, though how he could seems unimaginable, since he actually lived in the house. But if he had, it might explain how he came to be among the suffering masses — by converse — though it would do him little good that way either. Perhaps, if he remembered, it would give him a lethargic acceptance of those paradoxical surplus millions of shoes that he so badly needs, or bushels of wheat, or suits of clothes, all of which their owners would gladly be rid of, and now at no great profit, either. But if it did this for him, and similar things did likewise for his fellows, how could you say why, within a few days of Mr. Ford's announcement that he would manage the reëmployment of four hundred thousand men by June, there was a bloody riot at his factory? By blaming it on the communists, to be sure, but that was one of this boy's accomplishments as a statesman, presumably inspired by the glove mark on that obscure window pane. With Alice, I am very confused.

W. A. D.

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Debts and the Hoover Programme

By Otto David Tolischus

Some hard facts on the international depression and President Hoover's attempts to overcome it

All signs and portents, at home and abroad, point to the inevitable conclusion that another revision of the War debts is just around the corner.

The solemn declarations of the statesmen of Europe, the reconstruction programme of President Hoover, the Dawes-Mellon-Mills shift in the Administration forces, and, last but not least, the increasing disorganization of world business and the consequent threat of new political upheavals — they are all omens that for better or for worse the American people will soon be called upon to make a new and possibly final decision on the whole War debt problem.

There can be little doubt that President Hoover and his Administration are ready for revision and that a scaling down of War debts is part of the Hoover reconstruction programme. Recent Administration utterances and moves are eloquent in this respect, and the appointment of Mr. Andrew W. Mellon as Ambassador to the Court of St. James's is the most eloquent of all.

In fact, the Hoover reconstruction programme may be summarized briefly as follows:

(1) Anti-deflation — some insist on calling it inflation — at home.

(2) Deflation of the huge international debts abroad.

As a conception, this programme is both broad and bold. Its aims may be assumed to be to right the balance between the Old World and the New, finally to liquidate the financial aftermath of the World War, to open up again the channels of international trade and international payments and thereby lead the United States and the rest of the world into a new era of prosperity which would hold out the hope for an easier solution of the vexing political problems that remain.

The domestic part of the programme — put into the hands of Mr. Ogden L. Mills, the new Secretary of the Treasury, and of General Charles G. Dawes, president of the Reconstruction Finance Corporation — has found almost universal acclaim — at least in its initial stages. The international part — entrusted to the financial genius of Mr. Mellon — is so full of dynamite that it will require both high moral courage and possible political self-sacrifice to carry it to a successful conclusion.

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The marching order of events has already been determined by tacit agreement which may be regarded as an initial victory for Washington. The European powers will make a new attempt to solve the reparation problem at their conference at Lausanne in June. The Administration has announced that it will frown upon a "united front" of Europe against America, but that it is perfectly willing to consider new proposals from the individual powers. Europe may be expected, therefore, to scale down the German reparations to a point which will make it cheaper for Germany to pay than to continue fighting them. But it may be expected also to make such an agreement more or less conditional upon similar concessions from America. After Lausanne, Europe will present the United States with a *fait accompli* and the new debt negotiations will be ready to start.

Since Congress refused to re-create the old War debt commission, Mr. Mellon has been appointed as a War debt commission of one. He handled the European end of the Hoover moratorium last summer and he has repeatedly expressed sympathy for the debt difficulties of Great Britain. He is, therefore, the logical Administration man in London at this time. Similarly, Mr. Mills, who comes out openly for "inflation," is the logical man in the Treasury. General Dawes, on the other hand, was on "vacation" in America during the moratorium negotiations and with a new debt revision in the offing he has resigned as Ambassador to Great Britain. There is no injustice in saying that if he cherishes any political ambitions, his present position is more likely to promote them than the ungrateful task which Mr. Mellon will have to tackle. At any rate, the logic of the triple shift is self-evident.

As a matter of fact, Mr. Mellon's chief task is likely to be to find a formula that will sound prettier than repudiation or default.

For the declarations of the European statesmen are unmistakable: Europe has made up its mind that it can not and will not pay its War debts to America — at least not in full.

All competent observers in Europe agree on that point and popular and Congressional opposition in America to reduction or cancelation of War debts will not change Europe's mind. Nor will threats.

Europe knows that America will not send troops to collect the debts. It views the risk of a financial embargo, proposed by a bill in Congress, complacently; for besides the War debts of some eleven billion dollars, Europe also holds some six billion dollars of American private loans and investments, and it knows that as long as both exist the American financial embargo already established in practice will continue in effect. Reduction or cancelation of War debts is demanded precisely for the purpose of freeing funds to pay interest and amortization on private debts — now imperiled. Once these payments are assured, the doors for additional flow of capital to Europe open automatically. This quite aside from the attitude of the American bankers who favor reduction or cancelation of War debts in order to resume business with Europe. Control of the flow of capital from one country to another has been tried and proved futile.

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Put in very blunt terms, therefore, the realities of the situation confronting America will force it to decide on one of two alternatives:

(1) It can make the best of the situation, revise the War debts downward to a point which makes it cheaper for Europe to pay than to repudiate or default, and thereby save the principle of "honest debt payment" and the private loans and investments with it;

(2) Or it can "put Europe on the spot" as a defaulter and repudiationist, assume the risk of new shocks to world business and possible political upheavals which are bound to affect America as well, and in high moral indignation retire to a "splendid isolation" — which neither the bankers nor the business world will or can observe for long.

Neither of these alternatives is very pleasant, but it may be safely assumed that the Washington Administration has decided on the first as the lesser evil. If they make it appear that America has become the prisoner of its debtors, it is only because it will not or can not coerce them. America lent not wisely but too well. It would be easy to point a moral — except that, given the same set of circumstances, history would doubtlessly repeat itself.

THERE is no doubt of Europe's moral and legal obligation to pay its debts. There is its bond, signed and sealed. True, the debtors have raised and will continue to raise a moral issue on the basis of a common brotherhood in arms — as debtors always will. The most advanced of these "moralists," M. André Cheradame, French publicist, figures out, in fact, that far from owing anything to America, Europe has a lot to claim from America. In a book entitled *Uncle Sam, It's Your Turn to Pay*, he attempts to show that on the basis of troops engaged during the first fifteen months following America's declaration of war against Germany, when the "associated powers" fought America's war as well, the United States still *owes* France nearly $750,000,000, Belgium nearly $28,000,000, and that the British debt has been canceled by three-quarters. The trouble is that the moral argument leads nowhere; for whether America went into the War to help out Europe, or whether Europe fought at least part of the War to help out America is a question of the point of view.

On the other hand, it is not strictly accurate to say that a reduction or cancelation of the War debts would shift the *whole* cost of the World War unto the shoulders of the American taxpayer, as many contend.

The direct, net expenditures of the belligerent governments for war operations alone are put roughly at $200,000,000,000.

The share of the individual countries in this huge sum is put as follows:

America, direct expenditures,	$22,000,000,000
advances to "associated powers,"	10,000,000,000
Total for America,	32,000,000,000
British Empire, direct expenditures,	40,000,000,000
advances to allies,	9,000,000,000
Total for British Empire,	49,000,000,000
France, direct expenditures,	24,000,000,000
advances to allies,	1,500,000,000
Total for France,	25,500,000,000
Italy,	12,000,000,000
Russia,	22,000,000,000
Central Powers,	60,000,000,000

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This leaves out of account the vast amounts paid out after the War for reparations, reconstruction and pensions for veterans, widows and orphans. And, lest we forget, it also leaves out of account the human toll of the dead and wounded. The total of the dead is put roughly at 13,000,000, of whom France lost approximately 1,350,000, the British Empire 900,000 and the United States 126,000. If Europe does raise a moral issue, the above figures are the explanation; and though we do not accept the issue, we need not deny understanding. At any rate, the above figures may serve to reduce the problem to its proper proportion, and whoever can find consolation over an inevitable loss in contemplating the losses of others, let him make the most of it.

THE higher morality at the present time, when all the world is writhing in economic pains, is expediency. That is the only basis on which this problem can and will be solved — or it will solve itself.

"Strictly business" is the mood of the pressing moment, and business methods will have to prevail if the solution is to be successful.

From such a business point of view, the favorite argument of the debtors, that they can not pay their debts because Germany is not paying them any reparations, will not promote their cause. At best, it has a very variable application to the individual debtors.

Germany paid them, according to the best American estimates, in both cash and kind a total of approximately $10,000,000,000. The value of the German colonies and other ceded territories has been estimated by British authorities at another $25,000,000,000.

Ex-premier Laval of France estimated the total War damage to the French civilian population, which the reparations were primarily intended to compensate, at $4,000,000,000.

The European debtors have paid America so far on both principal and interest less than $2,000,000,000.

This leaves a handsome balance for the debtors over and above the damages to their own civilian populations and their payments to America. On the basis of their own argument, they could continue to pay America even if Germany no longer pays them.

France certainly is able to pay some more. Not only did France receive the bulk of the German reparations, but Great Britain and America and the millions of their soldiers spent enormous sums — in good dollars and pounds — for war materials, war services and French goods and produce — which is the real source of her present financial strength and her hoard of gold.

There is no easy answer, however, to the argument of Europe that the debts can not be paid because America now demands payment in gold and that the payment of the unproductive reparations and War debts is mainly responsible for the economic ills of the world.

This raises the vast and complicated problem of how international payments are to be made when the whole world is in debt to America and America will not accept enough of the world's goods or services to make the payments. It raises the

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entire question of the function of gold as the world's monetary standard and its management.

For America has not only the War debts to her credit, amounting to $11,000,000,000; it has in addition some $18,000,000,000 in loans and investments abroad on which interest and amortization must be paid; and it has besides an annual surplus of exports over imports the total of which has mounted up since 1920 to another $11,732,000,000. In fact, America is the only country which has both vast credits abroad and a favorable balance of trade besides, which raises entirely new problems in world economy.

How is it to be paid? The total stock of monetary gold in the world amounts to less than $11,000,000,000. And America and France already hold two-thirds of that. Obviously, there is not enough gold in the whole world to pay what the world owes America.

There is only one known method of making international payments, and that is by the exchange of goods and services. That was clearly recognized by the international experts who framed the Dawes and Young plans for reparation payments and they put it down as an axiom in black and white. But America dares not and will not accept enough foreign goods and services to pay for the annual surplus in her balance of payments; to do so would wreck her own industries; she therefore keeps foreign goods out by the highest tariff wall in the world. Germany made her enormous payments only because she was first stripped of everything movable that the victors could or thought they could use and by paying the bulk of the remainder in goods. America's problem can not be solved the same way.

Expenditures of American tourists abroad and remittances of America's immigrants to the "folks in the Old Country" require some of the surplus, but they do not solve the problem, and the depression has cut them down to next to nothing anyhow.

The only known method of balancing international payments that can not be met by goods or services is export of capital — loans and investments abroad. That is the method England practised for more than a century. It made her the "workshop of the world" and her surplus income created an empire. The investments of her surplus earnings were used as trail-blazers for her commerce and her flag followed her trade. When after the War, America suddenly found itself the chief creditor of the world, it embarked — perforce — upon a similar course. The $18,000,000,000 of loans and investments abroad were the result. It was the period of America's empire building — an invisible, financial empire was created that did not fly the Stars and Stripes but that was just as real and even larger than the British. While American capital overflowed the world, the world prospered and America prospered most of all. When, beginning with 1928, America began to suspect the suddenness and the size of her empire and American capital began to withdraw, world prosperity collapsed and American prosperity collapsed worst of all. The debtor countries, called upon to pay in gold, were stripped of their gold and went off the gold standard or defaulted —

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either outright or through exchange restrictions. Unable to sell to their creditors, they were unable to buy. World trade languished and the world became glutted with goods. Gold began its mad migrations from one country to another seeking safety, and hasn't stopped migrating yet. Half the world was starving amidst the greatest abundance of goods history has ever known.

THAT is not the whole story, of course. Overextension in some lines of production; England's demonetization of silver, both at home and in India, which wrecked the purchasing power of the populous East; political rivalries and the ever rising tariff walls in a Balkanized Europe — all these undoubtedly contributed to the collapse. But fundamentally this crisis must be regarded as one of underconsumption rather than overproduction; the desperate need of millions is eloquent testimony of that; and underconsumption is merely another word for inability to buy. No doubt, the American bankers made many mistakes; they "merchandized" their credits in many cases with such high-pressure salesmanship that the debtor countries themselves had to take steps to stop the golden tide. World banking is not a creation of a day; it must be learned first. Yet the fact remains: without the great export of American capital there would have been no empire and no eleven billion dollar trade surplus in eleven years, and without the empire and the trade surplus there would have been no prosperity boom to look back upon or to stimulate hope for the future.

For the collapse, the statesmen must be held more responsible than the bankers. The bankers invested according to their lights in what looked like sound security. But the vast international debts were contracted by statesmen who were dazzled by the astronomic figures of their domestic War finance which feeds on itself, and who lost sight of the limitations of international payments — the possibilities of transferring money from one country to another. A shining light of the Versailles Peace Conference like M. Klotz, then French Minister of Finance, seriously proposed that Germany should pay up to $5,000,000,000 a year and even Lloyd George didn't know any better than to propose that Germany should pay a total of $115,000,000,000. They were sent into the political wilderness, but the evil they did lives after them and has warped the financial judgment of the world. On top of the vast inter-governmental debts was then piled the huge amount of private debts. It took England far more than a century to accumulate foreign credits of some $19,000,000,000, and these credits fed half the world before the War. America amassed a foreign credit of some $29,000,000,000 (including the War debts) within fourteen years. Neither world trade nor the available stock of monetary gold in which these debts supposedly are payable was able to support the load. The debt structure had become an inverted pyramid resting on too narrow a foundation. When gold and credit withdrawals and the consequent contraction of world trade further reduced this foundation, the pyramid collapsed.

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A few figures will illustrate the point:

	1913	1930
Gold stock of principal countries.....	$8,239,500,000	$10,907,399,000
National wealth of principal countries	521,000,000,000	821,000,000,000
National debts of principal countries	43,000,000,000	150,000,000,000
Foreign trade of principal countries	36,259,000,000	57,934,000,000

The figures for the present international indebtedness are only an approximation; even the statisticians and almanac makers have given up their compilation as a bad job. Yet in 1913 observant economists feared that the international debts had already grown so big that countries would court war as a way out.

The most interesting and important thing which these figures reveal, however, is the fact that all values have expanded far beyond the increase in the supply of monetary gold. If the nations are pulling the golden blanket back and forth to cover themselves, it is simply because the blanket has become too small. And the greatest expansion has been in the debts. They have risen from a little more than five times the gold supply in 1913 to nearly fifteen times the present gold supply. The disproportion between the increase in world trade and the debts is even greater, especially since world trade fell to $42,667,000,000 in 1931. The wonder is not that the structure collapsed, but that it could stand erect so long.

What, then, is the solution?

Obviously, the main problem is this: the international debts must be brought into a healthier relation with the value of world trade and the size of the world's gold supply — if the debts are to remain payable in gold values. This can be done by any or all of the following methods:

(1) World trade values must be expanded.

(2) The gold supply, whose increase is fixed, but on which trade values ultimately depend, must be stretched to greater usefulness.

(3) The debts must be slashed.

The first two broaden the foundation of the debt pyramid, the third reduces the size of the pyramid itself. President Hoover's reconstruction programme is essentially a combination of all three — with limited application.

The only other remedy is outright inflation — that is, abandonment of the gold standard, substitution of other metals or values for gold — or their addition to gold — as a basis for the world's currencies and as measure of their value. This means depreciation of the currencies themselves. As the currencies depreciate, prices rise, and the value of the debts shrinks in proportion. That is the remedy proposed by most English economists and leaders, whose pound has already slipped off its golden peg. The gold standard, they claim, has broken down and they advocate the "restoration of the price level of 1928," or the establishment of a "managed currency," or a "sterling area," in which a devalued pound would rule. It is the remedy of those who advocate "free silver coinage" in this country. It is a desperate remedy, but many countries have resorted to it by force of circumstances and have rid themselves of domestic debt — with varying results.

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America will have none of it because it is not ready to abandon the gold standard. England was forced to it because her gold supply was small, her trade balance showed a growing deficit, and her foreign credits had been "frozen" — that is, temporarily defaulted. A good part of America's foreign credits has been caught in the same "freezing" process, but America holds more than a quarter of the world's gold and her trade balance continues to show a surplus. It seems difficult, therefore, to imagine a set of circumstances that could *drive* America off the gold standard — unless the world economic paralysis continues, and more and more American credits become "frozen," and America's trade surplus turns into a deficit, as some fear it will, and the foreign balances in America, now being mobilized, turn out to be far greater than expected. The results of a run on a country, as of a run on a bank, whether organized or not, are hard to foretell.

President Hoover's programme is intended to forestall such a run. It envisions an expansion of credit and a stretching of the gold supply, while keeping the gold standard intact. The dollar will still have forty per cent of gold back of it, considered more than ample in normal times. But credit liberation is intended to stop deflation, expand American trade and therewith world trade, which in turn means higher prices and a broader basis for the credit pyramid. Unless the gold withdrawn from America continues to be hoarded elsewhere, the redistribution of the gold stocks can only assist this process. Whether credit expansion on the basis of the gold standard can be called "inflation" or not depends on the definition of the term. Any expansion can be called inflation, and credit expansion does mean money expansion, and higher prices, and therefore relative depreciation of the currency. In that sense, all growth is an inflation, and inflation has been going on through the centuries. The common meaning of the term "inflation," however, signifies paper money no longer backed by gold, the substitution of the printing press for the gold reserve. There is none of that in the Hoover programme.

The counterpart of that programme is reduction of the debts themselves. Without that, the "controlled credit inflation" will scarcely prove sufficient and might prove dangerous. It might enlarge the debt structure without broadening its base. Though American industry depends to ninety per cent on the home market, there is serious doubt that it can operate profitably without world markets; at any rate, expansion of industrial activity would mean automatically expansion of export trade, which would merely add to American credits abroad — already disproportionately large.

A question frequently raised is this: "If international debts must be cut, why should the Government and the taxpayers suffer? Why not let the bankers and the private investors who risked their money abroad bear the loss, so that they may be wiser in the future?"

The answer is: Private loans and investments have been put — for the most part, at least — in productive enterprise. (Those that haven't are

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probably lost anyhow; many millions in American credits abroad have already been defaulted. The general impression, however, that most of the American investments were put into "parks, play-grounds and black swans" is unjustified; Department of Commerce figures show that of the total American investments abroad only between six and ten per cent consist of loans to municipalities who are charged with having "squandered" money for such purposes; and even they, of course, used by far the largest part of their loans for municipally-owned public utilities and similar productive purposes.) The productive enterprises produce the means from which the various debtor Governments derive their revenues and therewith their ability to pay their debts. If the productive enterprises are forced into default and ruin, there will be no means to pay either private or governmental debts. For ultimately, all revenues, whether private or governmental, must come from the same source, namely, productive enterprise. Collapse of productive enterprise means financial collapse of the Government. Unless a method is found, therefore, to make possible the payment of both sets of debts, the loss of governmental debts — which are unproductive — must be considered the lesser evil.

In any case, the European Governments, fearing such a collapse, have made up their minds to force the issue, and it will be up to America to decide whether it wants all or nothing, or whether it will take what it can get. And it will be up to Mr. Mellon to make the best bargain possible. All other proposed solutions, like disarmament of Europe, or the sale of French and British colonies in the Caribbean to America, however desirable in themselves, are at best efforts to get moral or material equivalents for gold. Disarmament alone will not pay international debts, for the bulk of armament expenditures are made at home. As far as national economy is concerned, it is taking money from one pocket and putting it into another. Reduction of armaments will help only if it reëstablishes political security, bans the dread of new wars, and thereby promotes world trade. But the "if" looms big — and there is France with her dread of a German war of revenge. The sale of the European colonies involves too many political "imponderables" to be immediately practicable. Transfer of inhabited territories from one sovereignty to another has rarely been accomplished without war or revolution.

It would be idle to assume, however, that reduction or cancelation of War debts would immediately restore world prosperity. At best, it might avert a worse collapse. Coincident with a new settlement of reparations and War debts will have to go a resumption of capital exports from the creditor nations to stabilize their debtors, to develop backward sections of the world and create new values, to provide new markets and increase the world's purchasing power, and finally, to keep the international balance of payments balanced. Otherwise, the whole vicious circle will start all over again. It was Secretary of Commerce Herbert Hoover who said that America could afford to lose all her exports were

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worth and still be ahead of the game. Paradoxical as this may sound, it is a truth which is imbedded in the nature of international trade.

There is reason to assume, however, that America's banking and investment world has learned a costly lesson, and that the next credit expansion programme will be carried out with greater caution, in closer relation with the volume and value of world trade, and confined to such enterprises as produce enough new values to repay their debts.

Contrasts

By Louise Burton Laidlaw

Forte:
When rocks are glistening white with sun and snow,
And crackling laughter ripples down bent boughs
Of spruce and maple, whipping winds arouse
A crisp delight where russet oak leaves blow.

Pianissimo:
How strangely delicate with every breeze
Comes the faint hum of azure wings again
As through swift-gleaming strands of sun-lit rain
Soft, timid colors creep on whispering trees.

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The War Lords of Japan

By Kenneth Colegrove

Their power, how they got it and what chance the liberals have to defeat them

One of the aims of Japanese foreign policy, so the Tokyo Government recently informed the Council of the League of Nations, is to oust the war lords of China and to promote the establishment of a representative government. To this pronouncement, Dr. W. W. Yen, the Chinese representative, dryly replied that demands for orderly government in China come with ill grace from a nation whose own war lords have run away with the civil government. The indictment of the mild-mannered Chinese delegate, who speaks English with a Southern accent, for he was educated at the University of Virginia, is all too true. During the past six months civil authority in Japan has capitulated to the military chiefs.

Japan is supposed to have a parliamentary government. There is manhood suffrage. There is a diet, with a house of representatives and a house of peers. There is a cabinet, whose premier is generally a member of the lower house. But this governmental façade is misleading. The military clique, on more than one occasion in the past forty years, has usurped the powers of the Cabinet and rendered parliamentary government a farce. The Japanese war lords today are more potent than were the militarists who controlled Germany under the Hohenzollern régime or Russia under the Romanoffs.

In September, 1931, the military clique again seized the Tokyo Government. It has been in possession ever since. At the time, a liberal Premier, Baron Wakatsuki, headed the Cabinet. A peace-loving Minister of Foreign Affairs, Baron Shidehara, presided over the Foreign Office. A liberal diplomat, Count Uchida, was president of the South Manchurian Railway. The liberal party had a majority in the House of Representatives, and was in the midst of a victorious electoral campaign in the prefectures. Baron Shidehara was developing his "friendship policy" toward China. In line with this policy, it was announced in Tokyo, on September 17, that Japan and China had arranged to settle all disputes in Manchuria by a conference at Mukden between Count Uchida and T. V. Soong, the Chinese

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Finance Minister, together with Marshal Chang Hsueh-liang. Not pleased with this news were the Japanese militarists and imperialists. They did not trust Uchida. They wished to block Shidehara.

On the night of the following day occurred the explosion on the tracks of the South Manchurian Railway at Peitaying. Immediately three Japanese battalions assaulted the Chinese garrison and seized the walled city of Mukden. Then followed the Japanese military movements in Manchuria, leading to the seizure of the three provinces, and eventually to the bombardment of Shanghai and the raids in the Yangtze Valley. The circumstances of the explosion on the South Manchurian Railway, on the evening of September 18, are still in dispute. The Japanese claim that Chinese soldiers committed the deed. The Chinese claim that Japanese soldiers blew up their own railway as an excuse for seizing Mukden. They add that this is a characteristic trick, for in 1928 the Japanese blew up a railway bridge near Mukden when they assassinated Chang Tso-ling and loudly blamed the Chinese for the dastardly act. The truth of the matter is to be decided, we hope, by a commission of inquiry, appointed by the Council of the League of Nations, which, unfortunately, has taken an unconscionably long time to reach the spot. Whether or not the explosion was committed by Japanese or Chinese, the episode was not sufficient provocation to warrant either the Japanese attack on Mukden or the expeditions against Harbin and Chinchow which gave Japan complete mastery over Manchuria. And it could not be made the excuse for the bombardment of the Chinese section of Shanghai — an attack avowedly made for the purpose of smashing the Chinese boycott of Japanese goods.

Thus, the military clique overthrew the peaceful policy of the Minister of Foreign Affairs in a liberal Cabinet. The ministerial policy was annihilated, not by vote of the Diet, but by the unauthorized action of the army. In other parliamentary governments, the cabinet controls the war office as well as the foreign office, and in its turn is responsible to the parliament which is responsible to the people. In Japan, however, the army can successfully defy the cabinet and gag the foreign minister who is supposed to be the national spokesman in international affairs.

The technique of the militarists in over-riding the civil government is illustrated by the manner in which reinforcements were dispatched to Manchuria. On September 21 for seven hours the Cabinet debated the question of sending more troops. General Minami, the Minister of War, demanded their dispatch. Baron Shidehara and Finance Minister Inouye (later assassinated) vehemently opposed it. The Cabinet deferred decision to the next day. But the militarists had reason to fear that the vote would be in the negative. Accordingly, before the Cabinet met, the war chiefs saw to it that a brigade of 4,100 men was already on its way to Manchuria, and when the Cabinet assembled it faced a *fait accompli*. General Minami blandly explained that without his permission the commanding general in Korea, acting in a great emergency,

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had forwarded the troops. But even a school boy knows that telegraphic communications between Seoul and Tokyo are not so difficult but that the Japanese commandant in Korea might have communicated with his superiors before taking precipitant action. No punishment has been imposed, not even a reprimand has been sent to this hasty officer, who, according to the War Office, had exceeded his instructions. Tactics of this character could occur today in no other civilized country save Japan.

While the taciturn Yoshizawa, the Japanese delegate to the League, faced the representatives of protesting nations in Geneva and Paris throughout September and October, it was frequently apparent that the civil authority and the war chiefs of Japan were still in conflict over the Manchurian situation. On September 30, Yoshizawa assured the League, with, of course, the approval of his Government, that Japan would withdraw her troops into the railway zone as rapidly as possible, and he voted for the unanimous resolution of the Council setting October 14 as the date for the execution of the peaceful assurances of both Japan and China. But, when October 14 arrived and the Council met in Paris, the Japanese troops had failed to retire into the railway zone. Worse yet, they had actually advanced into other parts of Manchuria on the pretext of chasing "bandits." Again the civil authority of Japan was powerless to fulfill an international promise, and was compelled to bear the opprobrium for the violation of an international understanding.

Finally, the pronouncement of the Japanese Foreign Office against Secretary Stimson contributed to the disclosure of the real situation. On November 27, the American Secretary had informally told a conference of newspaper men that he could not understand the press accounts of the march of General Honjo's army upon Chinchow, in view of the solemn assurance given him by the Japanese Foreign Office on November 24 to the effect that "there would be no movement of Japanese troops in the direction of Chinchow." The statement diplomatically implied either that the newspaper reports were incorrect or that the Japanese Foreign Office was not in a position to speak for the Minister of War or for the General Staff. There was abundance of proof that a Japanese offensive against Chinchow had begun. Hence, the timely remarks of Secretary Stimson threw more light on the grievous surrender of the Japanese civil government to military arrogance.

Further proof of the abdication of ministerial authority is unnecessary. We may now ask: Why did not the Cabinet of Wakatsuki resign at once? Why did the peace-loving Shidehara remain at the Foreign Office? The Cabinet finally resigned on December 11, 1931, the day following the adoption of the resolution by the Council of the League of Nations, with the consent of Japan, providing for an international commission of inquiry into the Manchurian crisis, but otherwise leaving the settlement of the dispute up in the air. This resolution closed the third phase of the negotiations with the League and marked an opportune time for

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the liberal party to abandon its post in favor of the militaristic party which would be expected, of course, to prosecute hostilities in China with a vigorous hand. But why had not Shidehara resigned on September 21, when the defiance of the civil authority by the war chiefs was fully exposed? Conjectures may be various — perhaps loyalty to the Emperor, perhaps opposition to the war party, perhaps desire to make the best of a bad situation. At the same time the question may be raised as to whether the new liberalism in Japan, of which we have heard considerable in the past decade, is as firmly rooted as we had been led to believe.

FRIENDS of Japan have been astonished at the sudden surrender of the Japanese liberals. For some years it has appeared that the liberals were in the ascendancy. Beginning with the policy of Admiral Kato, who represented Japan at the Washington Conference in 1921–1922, and who soon after became Prime Minister, Japan has attempted to dispel the unsavory reputation which she acquired by the Twenty-One Demands of 1915 and by her delay in returning Shantung to the Chinese after the World War. In the development of a new era of international coöperation Japan has played a correct rôle, participating enthusiastically in the establishment of the League of Nations and the World Court. Furthermore, for some years an anti-militaristic movement has slowly made headway. The trenchant writings of Professor Yoshino, ousted from the Imperial University of Tokyo because of his criticism of the military régime, have attracted attention, and he has had a following among students and intellectuals.

The Japanese are inveterate newspaper readers. Japan can boast of newspapers having some of the largest circulations in the world. The *Osaka Mainichi* has a circulation of a million, the *Nichi Nichi Shimbun* of half a million, the *Tokyo Asahi* of 450,000 and the *Jiji Shimpo* of 200,000. Of these, the *Tokyo Asahi*, the *Tokyo Nichi Nichi Shimbun*, the *Osaka Mainichi*, and occasionally the *Jiji Shimpo*, have backed anti-militaristic policies. The *Tokyo Asahi* and the *Nichi Nichi Shimbun* have published attacks upon the military clique which in their virulence have not been surpassed in any country.

For some years the party known as the Minseito has been considered the party of peace and reconciliation towards China, while its opponent, the Seiyukai, has demanded a "strong" policy toward the Nanking Government. The latter party was led, until his death two years ago, by the notorious General Tanaka — the soldier admittedly responsible for the assassination of Chang Tso-ling. In 1929 public exposure of the inhuman methods of the army in Manchuria gave the Minseito opportunity to oust the Seiyukai from office. The liberal Hamaguchi became Prime Minister, and the conciliatory Baron Shidehara, Minister of Foreign Affairs. The Minseito Government was thus in the saddle when the London Naval Conference met. On this occasion, the militarists were outwitted by a curious maneuver. Hamaguchi appointed the Minister of the Navy as one of the delegates

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to the London Conference, thus taking him out of the country at the time of the negotiations and placing him for the occasion under the control of the Foreign Office. The London Naval Treaty, incorporating the well-known Reed-Matsudaira compromise and failing to give Japan the 10-10-7 ratio, was bitterly opposed by the Supreme War Council. But depending upon strong support from the newspapers and upon national pride in upholding Japanese signatures to a treaty, Hamaguchi defeated the militarists and secured the approval of the treaty by the Privy Council and its ratification by the Emperor.

This victory was hailed throughout the world as a triumph of the civil government over military chiefs. Japanese liberals flattered themselves with the expectation that at the next crisis the military clique would be exterminated. The crisis came — all too soon, in September, 1931. A liberal Government, indeed, was in office. Hamaguchi had been assassinated, but Baron Wakatsuki, who had headed the Japanese delegation at the London Naval Conference was now Prime Minister. A well-known internationalist, Baron Shidehara, presided over the Foreign Office. The Minseito commanded a majority in the Diet, having 273 seats in contrast to the 174 seats held by the Seiyukai. Yet, in spite of all this, the militarists had their way. We are reminded, of course, of the oft-repeated assertions of the German Social-Democrats, prior to the World War, that they would vote no budgets to give the Kaiser ammunition to shoot the workingmen of other lands. But, a few weeks after Germany had declared war on Belgium, the Social-Democrats failed to prevent a vote in the Reichstag for war supplies.

THE truth of the matter is that the Japanese liberals were powerless. They were fewer in number than we had previously imagined, they lacked the courage that they were expected to possess, and they were operating under a constitution which permits the military clique to dominate the civil authority. Indeed, the Government of Japan today is a parliamentary façade for a militaristic state. Japan has imported many imitations from Europe, including governmental accessories, as well as manners, books, machinery, schools and military tactics. There is a constitution, a parliament, a prime minister, a cabinet, an annual budget and manhood franchise — as in all the representative governments of Europe. But the parliament is not a real parliament. The cabinet is not responsible to the parliament in the same way that the British or the French cabinet is bound to the legislature. The prime minister can not select all of his colleagues, as prime ministers are free to do in Great Britain, France and elsewhere. The electorate is debauched by bribery and corruption.

The extraordinary power of the militarists is attained by means of the famous ordinances of Yamagata, promulgated in 1899, which place the minister of war and the minister of the navy beyond the control of the prime minister and the cabinet. These ordinances require that only a general may hold the portfolio of war and only an admiral

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the portfolio of the navy. The prime minister is thus compelled to accept the dictation of the army and navy in these appointments. These officers are under the influence of the Supreme War Council, and on occasion, lay down heavy conditions which the prime minister is compelled to accept. Indeed, the minister of war may actually upset the cabinet, as was done by General Uyehara in 1912, when he refused to come to terms with the Prime Minister over the question as to the number of divisions to be placed on garrison duty in Korea. In this case the War Minister resigned; no other general would accept appointment in his place, and the Saionji Government was compelled, in its turn, to abandon office. Today the position of the cabinet is also compromised by the fact that the Emperor is commander-in-chief of the army and of the navy, and that the ministers of war and the navy have direct access to the Throne, even over the head of the prime minister. The situation is an anachronism. In the Twentieth Century this overweening authority of war chiefs is the antithesis of free government.

Back of all this is the mysterious Emperor, the central figure in the Japanese system. In many respects, the constitution which the Emperor Meiji gave his people in 1889 is a remarkable document. It was drafted for the Emperor by Prince Ito who had made a careful study of governments throughout the world, but who ended by accepting Bismarck as his model of constitution builder. The constitution of 1889 is not a slavish imitation of German fundamental law. Japanese traditional ideas were blended with the polity of the Iron Chancellor with the result that Japan was given the semblance of parliamentary government, while, in reality the organs of government — the diet, the cabinet and the privy council — were easily controlled by the elder statesmen who needed only to appeal to Japanese loyalty to the Emperor to win sweeping victories over those who sought to dislodge them. In this system, the Emperor was, and still remains, the dominating element, the commander-in-chief of the army and navy, the sole maker of peace and war, the traditional guardian of his people, a being "sacred and inviolable," descendant of a "line of Emperors unbroken for ages eternal," and "combining in himself the rights of sovereignty."

Although the constitution can be amended only through the initiative of the Emperor, this remarkable document has the possibility of liberal development. All depends upon the enlightenment of the Emperor. Like the Constitution of the United States, the Japanese fundamental law is phrased in general terms, and by an accumulation of precedents, it is possible for the diet to exercise greater powers, to secure complete control of the cabinet and even to supervise treaty-making. Will the Emperor permit this? If the Emperor accepts the advice of the cabinet, and the cabinet conforms to the demands of the diet, and the diet expresses the will of the electorate — then Japan will have a true parliamentary government.

The Emperor Meiji, who reigned from 1868 to 1912, and who gave

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full rein to the great statesmen that guided the sudden rise of Japan from a hermit nation to a modern power, deserves the highest praise for blending the traditional autocracy of the imperial house with the rôle of constitutional monarch. But parliamentary government was not attained in his reign. Even today cabinets can exist without a majority in the house of representatives. The house of peers can overthrow a cabinet. The privy council, composed of old, conservative and chauvinistic ex-office-holders, stands between the cabinet and the Emperor. And finally, the high officials of the imperial household, including Dr. Ichiki, Count Makino, and Admiral Suzuki, form a charmed circle around the Emperor, guiding his every political action. It is true that the remnant of the *genro* or elder statesmen — the ninety-year-old Prince Saionji — still is consulted by the Emperor in all matters of great importance. But the Emperor remains the unique head of the State. The war lords, through the charmed circle, have access to him in the same way as has the prime minister. Of course, the Emperor could withdraw the Yamagata ordinances which render the army and navy independent of the cabinet; he could deny the war lords access to his presence. This would be a real step towards modern constitutional government. The day may come when the advisors of the Emperor will take this step and close the circle around the Throne to the military leaders. But, at present, the Japanese people live under a constitution which permits the war chiefs on occasion to reverse the civil authority.

Count Kabayama, on his recent mission to the United States, frequently said that the Japanese people control the army through the annual budget, and that the diet can withhold the money necessary for the supply of the military machine. The argument is flimsy. The history of nations records that whenever the war lords have led a country into war, the legislature proverbially bows to the situation and votes the necessary funds. Civil control over the military machine means nothing less than that the initiation of hostilities will be entirely in the hands of the civil government, that in time of peace the army and navy will move into no position except at the command of the civil authority, and that they will engage in no hostilities except by specific instructions from the cabinet. It is the ability to lead Japan into war-like situations that makes the military clique the menace of democratic control. No land can claim to have representative government unless the civil authority is supreme, and such is not the case in Japan.

THE struggle for party government in Japan has tended to obscure the reality. For years the liberals have demanded parliamentary forms — in imitation of Great Britain, the "mother of parliaments." They have sought to insure the practice that the majority of the members of the cabinet shall come from the house of representatives, and that no cabinet may remain in office without the support of the lower house. At the beginning, cabinets were aloof from parties. In 1895 the Ito Ministry

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abandoned the principle of executive independence and arraigned itself with the liberal party. In 1898, the constitutional party, under the leadership of Okuma and Itagaki, was given the opportunity of forming the first party Cabinet. But it was not until the first Kenseikai Ministry under Okuma (1914–1916) and the Seiyukai Ministry under Hara (1918–1921) that ministerial parties controlled the lower house. Even then, the day of the no-party cabinet had not passed, for after the assassination of Hara and the decline of his party, came three transcendent Cabinets, those of Admiral Kato (1922–1923), Admiral Yamamoto (1923–1924), and Viscount Kiyoura (1924). Since the resignation of Viscount Kiyoura, party government has made rapid progress and the solitary survivor of the *genro* has pronounced himself in favor of parliamentary selection of the premier.

At the same time there has been a remarkable extension of the suffrage. In 1889, the franchise was limited to persons paying a relatively high tax. By successive statutes in 1900, in 1908 and finally in 1925 the Japanese have attained manhood suffrage; the electorate has been increased from four hundred thousand to thirteen million people.

The cabinet is also blocked both in ordinance-making and in the ratification of treaties by the privy council, a body of super-annuated statesmen who have not scrupled to overturn cabinets which enjoyed a majority in the lower house.

Until these impediments are removed, the claim to parliamentary government is mere pretense. The Japanese liberals are not ignorant of this situation. University professors, newspaper correspondents and members of the diet have vehemently denounced the archaic character of the Japanese Government. The vanguard has been led by Professor Yoshino, whose *Niju Seifu to Iaku Joso* or *Dual Government and the Supreme Command* was published in Tokyo in 1922. It finds a more conservative exponent in Professor Minobe, of the faculty of law of the Imperial University of Tokyo, whose *Kempo Seigi* or *Commentaries on Constitutional Law* is the leading treatise on Japanese fundamental law. In the House of Representatives the veteran Yukio Osaki has frequently lifted up his voice in a plea for cabinet control. And the platforms of the proletarian parties make cogent demands for democratic reform. It is evident that Japan has no lack of prophets and political philosophers. But these prophets — are they not without honor save in their own country?

ON DECEMBER 11, 1931, as soon as the third phase of the negotiations with the Council of the League was concluded, the Minseito Government resigned and allowed the Emperor to summon Ki Inukai, widely known as the "old fox," to form a Seiyukai Government. When the Diet met in its annual December session, the Inukai Cabinet found that the Minseito still held a majority of the seats. Relying upon the theory that in a national crisis the electorate will always support the government in power, the Cabinet dissolved the House of Representatives and ordered an election. The appeal was not in vain. In the elec-

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tion of February 20, the Seiyukai won 304 seats, as against 147 for the Minseito and thirteen for the independents and the labor parties. This is the largest majority that any government has obtained in the last two decades, and it gives the impression that the Japanese people are solidly behind the war lords.

When we examine the facts, however, it is apparent that the Japanese voters are not necessarily in favor of the military machine. In Japan any government in power can, as the French say, "make" elections. Election officials are under the control of the governors of the prefectures who are responsible to the minister of interior at Tokyo. Before the February election, the Seiyukai Ministry dismissed all Minseito governors and filled their places with loyal Seiyukai henchmen. The support of the police was placed behind the Seiyukai candidates, and police coercion accompanied the widespread bribery and corruption. Appeals were made to the herd instinct, which is ever present in times of military crisis, even in a powerful state that is in the process of attacking a weaker neighbor. It is never difficult to stir the instincts of self-defense and national honor. Hence it is not surprising that the Japanese voters have been stampeded into supporting a war party which they had vigorously repulsed in the diet elections of February, 1930, and in the prefectural elections of September, 1931.

For years the militarists and the imperialists among the mercantile interests have supported an aggressive policy against China by the propagation of popular theories, such as the "right-to-live" doctrine and the "Monroe doctrine of the Orient." The former dogma postulates that a nation with a high birth rate, over-populated territory, diminishing mineral resources and overcrowded agricultural lands has the moral and legal right to take possession of territories, rich in natural resources, within the jurisdiction of another state which is too weak or too incapable to defend or develop these territories. Accept the doctrine, and the dependence of Japan upon Manchuria for raw products and markets will excuse the recent military occupation and the inauguration of Henry Pu Yi as *genshu* of Manchukuo — the new name for the incipient regency-general. The "Monroe doctrine of the Orient" is grounded on the principle of self-preservation. The state must be defended against possible attacks. Foreign powers, especially European powers, must not be permitted to control the resources and the political destinies of Japan's neighbors on the mainland of Asia. In order to avoid this catastrophe, Japan must insist upon "special interests" in Manchuria and other Chinese territory. These "special interests" may lead to a "dominant position" and the exclusion of other states from the exploitation of resources or the exercise of political influence.

The latest phase of this doctrine is the "defense against dangerous thoughts." The Japanese people are told that their social and economic institutions are jeopardized by the possible encroachment of Soviet Russia into Manchuria, thus bringing the practice of communism to the very borders of agitated Korea, with

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the result that this doctrine would be carried to Japan and wreck the capitalistic system of the country. In no land today is the governing class so bitterly opposed to communism as in Japan. Advanced socialistic ideas, commonly called "dangerous thoughts," are sternly repressed in the universities and public meetings. A brutal ordinance — the Peace Preservation Law — punishing "dangerous thinkers" with the death penalty, surreptitiously promulgated by the Tanaka Government after the adjournment of the Diet in 1928, has finally been enacted by the Diet itself.

In the face of governmental opposition to socialistic development, the working men in Japan lack effective organization. Labor unions have barely 300,000 members. The proletarian parties in the House of Representatives hold only five of the 466 seats. Nevertheless, the industrial and financial interests, joining hands with the military clique, are determined to annihilate any movement — economic or political — which looks in the direction of advanced socialism. In this situation we find one of the causes for the success of the war lords in precipitating the military occupation of Manchuria, as well as the attempt to destroy Chinese resistance to Japanese commercial penetration south of the Great Wall. Manchuria will serve not only as the source of Japanese raw products, but also as the armed outpost against Bolshevism.

How long will the military clique rule Japan? The answer depends upon many factors. Most probably, if the United States and Great Britain lead the League of Nations in an economic and financial embargo, the collapse of the Inukai Government would soon ensue. The prosecution of hostilities in China requires the importation of quantities of munitions as already indicated by the large orders for arms which Japan has placed with the American munition plants in Connecticut, the heavy orders for cotton in the last six months, and the orders for guns, munitions, chemicals and other war supplies from Great Britain, France, Germany and Czecho-Slovakia. An economic embargo would cut off these supplies and handicap the prosecution of the war.

At the same time a collective embargo would destroy the financial basis of the Japanese State and cause considerable unemployment. Japan depends upon ready cash which America offers for her silk. In fact, nearly forty per cent of the Japanese export trade is with the United States, and over ninety per cent of this trade is in silk. An embargo by the United States alone would bring a financial panic to Japan. An embargo by the whole world would cause such economic and financial prostration in Japan that the Government in power would probably be forced not only to surrender its aggressive position, but also to efface itself before the Japanese people.

We must reckon with the industrial and commercial interests. Suppose the United States and European nations are willing to allow a Japanese regency-general in Manchuria; suppose we permit the Japanese domination of the Yangtze Valley; suppose the Seiyukai with its majority in the Diet is sustained

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over a period of years by bribery and corruption on a large scale; suppose that a prudent conduct of the hostilities against China, reducing war expenditures to a minimum, results in a rapid development of Manchuria and increased trade with China — then the Seiyukai Cabinet will probably be able to count on the support of the merchant class. These interests will support a warlike government which promotes trade and industry and fills their coffers with the gold of international commerce.

With their backing, the Seiyukai party, promoting the interests of the small farmers at the expense of the city workers, curtailing all programmes of socialization, such as working men's insurance, compensation and pensions, will be tempted to pursue military campaigns which bring in a rich harvest of commercial gain. But this is a hazardous policy. Trade does not always follow the flag. The maintenance of 125,000 Japanese troops on the mainland of Asia digs a tremendous hole in the national treasury. A conquest of the Yangtze Valley might even necessitate a Japanese army of four or five hundred thousand men. A year's expense in this costly undertaking would bring Japan to a position where a political revolution might prove not only inevitable, but also disastrous to the economic system.

The outstanding feature of Japanese political life is loyalty to the Emperor. It is probably true that one word from this "divine being" would resolve any political situation. Whatever political group has the most ready access to the presence of the Emperor, that group holds the key to the future. At the present time, the militarists seem to have this advantage. It is now well known that last year when the war lords appeared to lack an approach to the Emperor, a plot was hatched among the younger militarists to assassinate Count Makino, the chief functionary of the imperial household. But the charmed circle varies from time to time, and if Makino, Ichiki, Suzuki and Prince Saionji close their ranks to militaristic penetration and throw their influence on the side of parliamentary government, it is possible that Japan may emerge from the present crisis in a manner to restore international confidence and avoid revolution at home.

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Who Won It This Year?

By Montrose J. Moses

Soon the Pulitzer prizes will be announced again, and the usual debate over them will follow. Is there significance in these things, and if so, what?

In spring the public's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of the Pulitzer awards. I am sure that the public obtains more exhilaration from them than the recipients themselves. Especially is this the case in the realm of the arts. The sciences have been so often rewarded by chemical, mechanical, electrical, medical, industrial and engineering societies, that their medals are almost as many as those given to a golf champion or a bandmaster. But the shy, retiring author — whether he be novelist or poet or dramatist or historian or biographer — when he stands with his little thousand dollar check before the world, crowned by the august Committees detailed to bestow this windfall upon meritorious works, must feel just a little uncomfortable. He gains a publicity which helps the sale of his book for a while, but for the moment he also gains a self-consciousness which must freeze his creative impulse. Fortunately, the feeling does not last more than a week and a day, and then the race is begun again.

Meanwhile, the public is clamoring over the decision: that's where the pleasure comes in. The public pays a fee to join a book league, and the members of such a league take the book choice of the month without much demur. Especially do the suburban members of such a league feel flattered that they belong to a club presided over by the rulings of a Committee whose names make you feel you are "in literary society." But when the Pulitzer awards are made, the decisions are discussed as though they were being discussed for their indiscretions. All this is a healthy show of interest; it makes the judges feel that the occasion is a serious affair. It gives the Pulitzer award a fictitious importance through its journalistic value as news. But upon authorship it has no moving influence. I am sure that no writer sits down, at the start of each Pulitzer year, and says to himself, "I will win a Pulitzer prize." Of course there is always the danger of spoiling the quality of his work for a while if he wins. Think what disaster has been caused to the voices of radio announcers through the yearly award, by the Academy of Arts and Letters, of a medal for excellent

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diction! Each year, they chant the glories of lipstick and motor oil and ginger ale to the accompaniment of sweet medals jangled out of tune.

Whereas the Pulitzer prize awards are the canary birds of merit in a budding season, the Nobel prize is of more import. We are practical enough to know a check when we see it! Here the recipient is mounted upon a pedestal of international observation. He holds in his hand a worldly increment not to be sneered at. Here is a foreign committee dipping into our home culture and telling us our excellencies. Until last year, the Nobel Committees remained content to knock upon the doors of our research laboratories and to enter the libraries of our peacemakers. And their calls have met with our public approval. Scientists and publicists alike have been so rewarded. But last year the fuse was lighted, and the bomb exploded, when the literary prize was awarded to America for the first time. The fuse has now spent itself, but bits of the bomb are still exposed to public gaze.

We are sensitive when it comes to awards that are taken out of our insular hands. But we have also been sensitive because the Nobel prize for literature was not before this bestowed upon us. Uncle Sam excels in ploughshares; expositions and county fairs have given him many blue ribbons. But Uncle Sam has a national pride in any home-made attainment, and has felt slighted by the Swedish Academies. Uncle Sam has even — while taking his Cook's Tours — felt surprised that only Poe, Whitman, Cooper, Jack London and Upton Sinclair were regarded abroad as our representative writers. To which sparse list, we may now add the names of Theodore Dreiser and Sinclair Lewis.

It is not a little amusing to feel that maybe, whenever one of our writers goes abroad, there is a certain thrill of expectancy that he will meet the Swedish Academy, and that they will look him over with some curiosity as to how far he represents a new American style. It may be that, in the secret recesses of many a literary heart, there is a feeling now that a lecture trip through the Scandinavian peninsula might arrest the attention of the Swedish Academy, and make them think of him in terms of the Nobel prize. In this respect, I believe that the award, made possible by the peace magnate of Sweden, has created slim currents of literary politics in this country. When we want things done we sign memorials with thousands of names attached. Every peace commission sent abroad carries petitions from the "United Guild of Day Laborers" or "Women's Leagues for the Preservation of the Home." I believe the Swedish Academy has had in the past handsomely bound instructions from us as to what it should do about the Nobel award in literature. The ardent advocates for Edwin Arlington Robinson, for Upton Sinclair, for Theodore Dreiser have raised their voices in Swedish halls. But rightly, the Swedish Academy, like the Consistory at Rome, goes into secret conclave. Its award is irrevocable; the hand of destiny can more easily be deflected than its decisions upset.

This can not be said for the Pulitzer awards; here the weather-

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cock rules supreme. Committees work through the year. They are given grants to send them to the theatre. Publishers deluge them with books, for the blurb, "A Pulitzer Prize Winner," is a valuable advertising asset. But is their decision irrevocable and final? Not at all. Mr. Pulitzer's mandates are like the Blue Laws of New England. You can go just so far in your decisions, even to the garden gate. But beyond that, there is some power, which, for no other definite name we needs must call Columbia University (as guardian of the Fund), that may ring the curfew of morality and upset all the deliberations made by these tried and trusty servants, the Committees.

But even Committees are not infallible. The public which, about this time each year, awaits the announcements of the awards with some show of expectancy, has been trained to be surprised if the decisions are *right*. During each year people go off in little self-constituted groups and make what they consider to be the only right and just decisions. They don't set themselves up as judges; they merely like to make lists for the fun of it. For many years there has been just as much curiosity about the ten best plays of the year selected by Mr. Burns Mantle for his drama *Year Book* as there has been about the decision of the Pulitzer drama prize judges. In fact, after the decision is reached, and the check signed for the dramatist, press comments always say: "Look upon this one play and then upon Mr. Mantle's ten." There is more of a standard of selection evident in Mr. Mantle's choice than there is in the Pulitzer choice.

I think this is very largely the fault of the conditions under which the Pulitzer awards are made. I think we might very well emulate the Nobel method of bestowing their medal and their check. It is a method which has time-honored sanction by the universities in bestowing an academic degree. The Nobel prize is, of course, an ermine robe lined generously with greenbacks, the weight of which depends on the state of the financial return on the Nobel investments. In 1929 the prize was worth $46,299; when Woodrow Wilson received it the Nobel stock was down. During War time it was only $30,802. But, whatever its approximate value, by its side the Pulitzer prize looks like a light spring overcoat, lined with a mere sprinkling of banknotes.

When a Nobel prize is awarded, there is a definite statement made of the characteristics which marked the man chosen, of his particular work, or of the sum total of his value in his field. There are five courts of award. The Swedish Academy of Sciences considers the year's important discovery in the sphere of science; as well as the distinctive chemical discovery or improvement. The Caroline Medical Institute rewards the outstanding achievement in the sphere of physiology or medicine; the Academy of Arts and Letters decides the notable contribution to literature "of an idealistic tendency." The final award is for peace, and that committee of judges is appointed by the Norwegian Storthing. For science and peace, such men in America as Michelson,

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Richards, Carrel, Roosevelt, Root and Wilson have been the recipients. The recent honors for peace have gone to Nicholas Murray Butler and Jane Addams.

The ideas back of the Nobel decisions are definitely stated. Maeterlinck was chosen, in 1911, "because of his many-sided literary activity and especially because of his dramatic creations which are marked by a wealth of fancy and poetic idealism that sometimes, in the fairy play's veiled form, reveals deep inspiration and, also, in a mysterious way, appeals to the reader's feeling and imagination." Anatole France, in 1921, was hailed for "an activity marked by noble style, large-hearted humanity, charm and French *esprit*." In 1923, W. B. Yeats was selected "for his consistently emotional poetry, which, in the strictest artistic form, expresses a people's spirit." When Sinclair Lewis was given the honor, the Swedish press but reflected the decision of the Swedish Academy. They called his *Babbitt* a contribution to put by the side of *Pickwick*, *Tartarin* and *Don Quixote;* they praised *Arrowsmith* as comparable to Ibsen's epic *Brand*. Whatever the heat and indiscretions that followed the announcement of this lone award to an American author, the Swedish Academy showed fearlessness and independence; they exhibited aliveness far in excess of the aliveness which usually characterizes a committee chosen to sit in judgment for such prizes.

What, in contrast, is the picture of the conditions prompting the Pulitzer awards? An announcement and silence; a minor star-chamber of choice, satellites to a higher moon that can, on slightest provocation, eclipse the light of the jury. Committees go into conclave with very debatable instructions. They must choose the best novel of the year which "shall present the wholesome atmosphere of American life, and the highest standard of American manners and manhood." Pollyanna and Chesterfield rolled into one! There is small leeway here for broad sweeps of social reform, for satiric display of weakness of character. Style and structure mean nothing. For a produced play, they must consider whether it best "represents the educational value and power of the stage," whatever that means; and must help raise "the standard of good morals, good taste and good manners," which latter requirement would rule out several of the selections they have made in the past. History, biography and poetry are more definite in their descriptions.

We hear nothing of the debatable borders which enclose such Puritan restrictions, unless the decision of the judges is reversed, and then members of the Committee speak from the depths of their indignation. For the reversal, there is no explanation given by the custodians of the Fund; there is simply bad feeling raised. But the reversals are significant, and the publicity aired thereby is both revealing and healthy. It may have been forgotten, at the time Mr. Lewis imperiously waved aside the Pulitzer award for his *Arrowsmith* — but he must have had it in mind — that, in 1921, when Mrs. Edith Wharton was chosen for her novel, *The Age of Innocence*, the Committee, consisting of Robert Grant, Stuart P. Sherman and William Lyon

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Phelps, had selected *Babbitt*. Orders came from the higher Court that another selection must be made. It was not within the power of the Committee to raise official objection. In this case, however, they considered it essential that a public statement be made of their position. Mr. Sherman was the spokesman direct for *Babbitt:* "The characters persist in memory as three-or-four dimensional robust beings months after they are met. I remember nearly all of them, after the other people that I have encountered in the year's fiction have faded flat. That, in my experience, is the most decisive test of vitality in a novel. It also has abundant comic spirit and a critical as well as a representational force. It does something to the mind as well as to the feelings. It has communicated more life to the reading public than any other novel I can recall the fortunes of. Incidentally, I find it full of extraordinarily interesting technical inventions. I don't think that the fact that the critics in this case will agree with the public ought to dissuade us. Once in a great while the public does make a best seller out of a perfectly sound book. I think this is one of the cases; and it's a thing to be rejoiced over."

Such analyses help in formulating public opinion. They are due the public as a reward for their interest; they are directive. This incident makes perfectly clear Mr. Lewis's rejection of the "sop" given him afterwards, though, personally, I believe that *Arrowsmith* far surpasses *Babbitt* in completeness of purpose and artistry. The argument that ensued was heated. Any self-respecting author would have said with Mr. Lewis: "I invite other writers to consider the fact that by accepting the prizes and approval of these vague institutions, we are admitting their authority, publicly confirming them as the final judges of literary excellence, and I enquire whether any prize is worth that subservience." In its claim of liberal judgment the Board governing Mr. Pulitzer's mandates replied thinly that O'Neill's *Anna Christie* had been given a prize! Yet O'Neill has always regarded that play as his most obvious.

THE history of the Pulitzer awards shows frequent reversals of the jury's judgment. George Kelly's *The Show-Off* was shelved to please an admirer of Hatcher Hughes' *Hell-bent for Heaven*. And later, when Mr. George Kelly was given the prize for his *Craig's Wife*, his reaction was that the honor was not worth the declination, though I am sure he considered it in the light of blood money. Julia Peterkin's *Scarlet Sister Mary* was not the novel first choice for 1929. Instead John R. Oliver's *Victim and Victor* was unanimously recommended. I am sure that Elmer Rice, with his usual ironical distrust of uncertain founded honors, must have wondered where any jury could find in his *Street Scene* that it raised "the standard of good morals, good taste and good manners."

Of course, such committees as help make the awards for the Pulitzer Board are often aided by the outside force with which notable productions of the year are brought to their attention. They are first of all bound to the fact that the choice must be of American output. Long and ardu-

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ously and almost acrimoniously they argued the case for John Drinkwater's *Lincoln* in 1920, when they gave the prize to O'Neill for *Beyond the Horizon*, a right decision in view of the local restriction. The apparent rightness of their choice was almost thrust upon them in the case of the award to Stephen Bénet for his *John Brown's Body*, to Marc Connelly for his *The Green Pastures*, to Thornton Wilder for his *The Bridge of San Luis Rey*, to the Adams estate for *The Education of Henry Adams*.

But if you will take the list of dramas, for example, given the Pulitzer prize since it first started in 1917, and compare it with the list of materials from which the choice was made, it is surprising how curiously obtuse some of the decisions have been. The Committees give no inkling, whatsoever, as to the standards drawn up for diagnosis, other than the foolishly narrow, enigmatical and unenlightened requirements set down in the initial announcements. We could finecomb each season epitomized by Mr. Mantle, and learn much regarding prize awards as they are made on such terms as confront the Pulitzer Committees. I believe it would be healthy and helpful to have such an analysis aired. And I do not think it was unseemly for Mr. Lewis to ask whether Cabell's *Jurgen*, Hemingway's *A Farewell to Arms*, Wolfe's *Look Homeward, Angel* were not worthy the attention of the Pulitzer guardians of the American novel.

It is easy to guess how such minds work, confronted by yearly awards. They can almost be seen through. It was no more a surprise that Eugene O'Neill was given the prize for *Strange Interlude* than it will be if he is again, for the fourth time, the recipient of the prize for *Mourning Becomes Electra*. But, though I recognize that such repetition, as regards O'Neill, was fair, I wonder whether, in such cases, it would not be more just, more encouraging if some newer man were given the incentive — if incentive it be! There are certain writers whose bulk of work transcends the excellence of any individual play they might have written. I am thinking especially of George Kaufman and Philip Barry. The money means nothing to these successful men of the theatre, the honor — if honor it be — means little. But the evidence that the prize is rightly exercised for the glory or the excellence of letters would be encouraging, and would help educate the public in their standards of judgment. For prize awards are symbols of healthy national sentiment for worthy work. That is why I take the debates following any award as invigorating signs of mental alertness on the part of those who are outside the official circle.

A year has passed since the hurricane of dispute over the Nobel award to Sinclair Lewis, and a review of the case might in itself be a lesson in wounded pride based on insular bunkum. I am making no plea for any of the bad taste which might have been exhibited on both sides of the argument. I am but judging from the printed word of Mr. Lewis when he accepted the award at Stockholm. It is easier to take a medal for swimming the Channel than it is to wear the laurel wreath and to speak with the tongue of the prophet. One is bound to appear a little ridiculous,

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as ridiculous as a nation's representative in top hat and dress clothes, marching the streets in the broad light of day, in a court funeral procession. Lewis does not pretend to be an academic student, but he gave to the Swedish Academy what a recipient of the Nobel prize was supposed to give, only worded in his own journalistic way, representing his own artistic faith. He was modest, he was generous to his contemporaries, he was alive to our excellencies and defects. The sum total of his attitude was very well summarized by him later in a most vigorous sentence: "All this country's cowardice in escaping its chances of being the world's greatest nation doesn't prevent us from being a world on fire."

The public at large and our curators of learning in particular are very sensitive when it comes to a summing up of our artistic claims. Yet the creative writer has been howling to heaven for many a year for recognition. Old Cornelius Mathews, in the 'Forties, fighting for a protective copyright, accused the powers that were of placing more value on ploughshares than on drama. Lewis, today, finds the same practical condition. "The manufacturer of carburetors is taken far more seriously than the maker of poetry," he said. George Ade, a native of Lafayette, Indiana, used to linger by the town square and gaze up at Lafayette, cast in iron, and he too came to the conclusion that we were stronger in iron foundries than in studios! We may say such things on Main Street, but woe betide us if we make open confession before the Swedish Academy.

The Nobel prize is more far reaching in its significance than the Pulitzer prize. In the former we are before the family of nations, and our excellencies are pointed to as the excellencies of our country. The word *Babbitt* has crept into the dictionary, as much our national contribution as the word *élan* is the glory of France. We would have preferred a more high-sounding word. Then, O'Neill came along, and showed us that Babbitts are human types not necessarily stigmatizing small town Main Streets; they may even be represented by such a figure as Marco Polo. Yes, we are a sensitive people, and the Lewis award shook us healthily into the attitude of self-examination. The Pulitzer prize, on the other hand, is supposed to be but a year's crowning, a year's academy.

More and more widespread is becoming the habit of rewarding the literary worker for his artistry. There are prizes for poetry, there are distinctions for the best printed book, there are the book clubs which, on the principle of jury choice, are brought prominently to the fore, and their selections, made each month, are made while the books are running freshly from the presses. More unusual selections, more new authors have been given a chance by the book clubs than could ever hope to make the Pulitzer race. Book clubs, the Pulitzer award, the Nobel prize are like the departmental divisions of government: house, senate, judiciary, where, as far as the Pulitzer prize is concerned, Columbia University, governing the Fund, is the President with veto power: only in this case the depart-

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ments have no power whatsoever to override the veto: the juries are in bondage.

Nevertheless, all of this conscious weighing of merit is bound to have its positive effect upon standards in the long run. Our hard-headed business men are more prone than ever to recognize the value of learning. Science is an adjunct of business, and, in many large establishments, there are laboratories doing research that may eventually revolutionize business but that are allowed to go afield into the realms of disinterested investigation. I believe we would be surprised if a census was taken of the number of awards for well rendered service given in this country. There are university grants, travelling grants, fellowships that are opening the way for sound scholarship. The most significant of such types of encouragement is the Guggenheim Fund, whose chief object is the financing of research and creative work. Writers, dancers, painters, sculptors, etchers, musicians find themselves by the side of workers in the scientific field. Fifty-seven awards have just been made, and a capital fund of only $4,500,000 has been necessary to make this possible. In a given length of time this will assuredly have its effect. This Fund represents a faith in intellect as an investment. While the factories hum and the steel mills roar, the lamp of the student is kept lit and his mind is eased in the hope that a return will soon be forthcoming. On such a grant, Stephen Bénet's *John Brown's Body* flourished.

These grants are based on a competitive system, and there are juries of award. The candidates must furnish their credentials. There must be specific objectives, some of them more specific than others. Here, this season, is one grant for writing a novel, another for writing a dramatic poem. One successful candidate is given a grant to do creative work abroad, another is sent to study Mexican fresco painting. One man is helped to write a life of Thomas Moore, another to complete studies in the philosophy of Voltaire. So the list reads in the departments of creative art. The stipends on the average are about $2,500.

When Bernard Shaw, in 1925, received the Nobel prize, he helped endow the Anglo-Swedish Literary Foundation. This year Jane Addams announced that her share of the Nobel peace award would be turned into the proper social channels. This is another aspect of the subject. Start a certain habit of mind, and there will be outgrowths in new directions. Every country has its own way of encouraging the arts, letters, and sciences. And in all countries there are the same rancor, the same disapproval over appointments. Take the political acrimony that is sounded whenever a new member is appointed to the French Academy. But this acrimony is due to the fact that letters abroad are a serious undertaking. We are not so concerned about the Academy of Arts and Letters in this country, for it has not yet become a sufficiently important object on the national horizon; it is likely to fall into excesses of foolish pride, as is the way with any young institution. Intellectually, we are still young, even though, as Oscar Wilde thought, "Our youth is our oldest tradition."

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We need standards of literary judgment in this country. Whenever a Pulitzer award is made, it becomes very evident that there is a widespread consciousness of this fact. We are now in the habit of awaiting the spring Pulitzer announcement with expectancy. After we have read a good novel, a vivid history, a sound biography; after we have seen a distinctive drama, or read a rare book of poetry, we store the memory of it away to bring forth as our candidate. Dare the jury disappoint us? We get stimulation though we may think the jury absurd. Personally, I feel that some of the drama decisions were absolutely ill-founded, not even debatable. And I am convinced that the juries should be changed more often than they are in the case of the Pulitzer prizes. It must be an awful condition to fall into the jury type of mind.

There is, finally, a negative side to this prize giving. One may be tempted to write for a prize in the spirit of an amateur. Some years ago, when the New Theatre was in full fling in New York, Winthrop Ames bestowed a $10,000 prize upon Alice Brown for a passable drama entitled *Children of Earth*. The number of manuscripts submitted went far beyond the thousand mark. It was an unsatisfactory award, for there were good dramatists who did not compete because they knew that, were their play good enough — from the angle of sound judgment — they would make more money in the regular theatre than in this esoteric playhouse. Clyde Fitch was approached for a play and he refused for the same reason. Competitions have this stultifying effect. Publishers have competitions in the field of fiction and in the field of history; theatre leagues offer nominal sums for good plays to suit particular occasions. Here there is a self-consciousness on the part of the competitor that has its bad effect. To launch a work bravely upon the highway is the true measure of its value. It makes its own way, and then is picked up by the judges for prize consideration. There is not much hope for letters in competitions; there is a more healthy reaction in the other field we have just discussed. A competition merely is a channel for bringing forth new material in the hope that it will open up the floodgates of creative work we imagine existent everywhere. Yet I have talked with certain professional "readers" and they know how untrue this is. The floodgates are most assuredly opened but the waters are murky. The competitive market, after all, remains the king, the sure test of vitality. I do not mean that the best seller must be given the prizes. But it is surprising to find, considering how persistently we flay the bad taste of our public, that good books *do* sell well, and at the same time take prizes. The prize is the least part of this significance.

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The Wheat Belt Looks Seaward

By Wayne Gard

As negotiations for the St. Lawrence shipway to the Atlantic progress, our Middle Western farmers see a hope for prosperity

Mid-western and Northwestern farmers — the wheat growers most of all — are looking toward the St. Lawrence again. Weary from seeking other ways to make two-bit wheat balance high production costs, they are finding new hope in an old but untried prescription. Countless delays have made many despair of ever seeing a ship channel that would bring the Atlantic into the wheat belt, but the present negotiations between America and Canada, plus the enthusiasm of President Hoover, have become a tonic that is renewing faith and spurring agitation.

These farmers and many of their neighbors in town are watching with sharp interest the efforts of the two Governments to formulate a treaty that will open the long-sought channel. If a satisfactory agreement can be drawn up and ratified by the present Congress, actual work in overcoming the remaining obstructions in the seaway may begin soon. That is what the farmers are seeking now. With grain prices as low as they are, the growers of export crops are especially anxious to see the St. Lawrence shipway in operation and to benefit from the saving in transportation costs which the project is expected to make possible.

Today one occasionally may see in Chicago River the black hull and alien flag of a steamer that hails from Glasgow or Stockholm. But these ships are among the smallest that cross the Atlantic. The rapids of the upper St. Lawrence still keep out the big freighters that count most in oceanic trade. With these rapids surmounted, Chicago and Duluth will become ports of call for large steamers from western Europe and from Latin America. Thus Mid-Western industry stands to gain benefits comparable to those which came to the East and West coasts with the cutting of the Panama Canal and to avoid the reappearance of the railway freight congestion of normal times.

Since the days of early explorers, the St. Lawrence and the Great Lakes have been arterial avenues of travel and trade. It was by these routes that hardy Englishmen and Frenchmen gained much of their early knowledge of America, brought

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immigrants to the new world, and established the then lucrative fur trade. For this trade, La Salle built in 1679, by permission of Louis XVI, the *Griffon*, the first sailing vessel on the lakes.

When the *Griffon* first sailed, the wilderness along the lake shores was the habitat of red men and wild animals; the surface of the lakes had known only the splash of Indian paddles. As late as 1825, Henry Clay spoke of the Great Lakes as "beyond the farthest bounds of civilization — if not in the moon." Lake traffic increased, however, and before long the lakes became the cheapest and most popular route for pioneers who wanted to settle in the midland wilderness.

By the turn of the century, the lakes were teeming with giant ships laden with the commerce of the Northwest and the central prairies. Today they are a benevolent chain linking the wheat fields with the East and joining the iron ore regions with the coal areas where steel can be manufactured to greatest advantage.

IN RECENT years, cargo passing through Detroit River has outweighed that which entered and cleared in the foreign trade of America's Atlantic and Pacific ports. The canal at St. Mary's Falls has borne more traffic than any other artificial channel in the world, its tonnage exceeding even that of the Suez Canal. Prior to the spurt in ocean shipping which followed the World War, vessels on the Great Lakes represented nearly half the gross tonnage of America's merchant marine.

At present, however, almost all of this vast inland shipping is confined to fresh water. Hitherto, it has been limited to four of the five lakes, but now the completion of the new Welland Canal, circumventing Niagaga, throws open to the larger freighters Ontario, "the Cinderella of the lakes," which has been almost as deserted as the Dead Sea. The opening of this reconstructed canal, which has cost Canada $125,000,000, enables ships which have been unloading grain at Buffalo or Port Colborne, for milling or for reshipment to New York or Montreal, to go on through Lake Ontario to Kingston or Prescott on the Canadian side or to Oswego or Ogdensburg on the American side, thus making a saving in railroad rates.

Yet this saving is negligible compared to that which should be made when ships can carry grain and other products direct from Duluth or Chicago to Liverpool. At present, the canals around the rapids in the St. Lawrence are too small to allow the passage of vessels of more than fourteen-foot draft. The proposed new channel — most of which will be made not by digging new canals but by damming and flooding the rapids — will have an immediate depth of twenty-seven feet and probably an ultimate depth of thirty feet.

The St. Lawrence project, when completed, will bring the Atlantic to the Middle West. In traffic routes, Detroit and Cleveland will be more than four hundred miles nearer Europe. The central region of the country, which accounts for seventy per cent of the nation's farm production, will have far better access to

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world markets. The industry of this region, it is estimated, will save up to four dollars a ton in freight rates.

Such a saving is needed to overcome the Mid-West's handicap which resulted from the digging of the Panama Canal. The canal benefited the Atlantic and Pacific coasts, but this benefit did not extend to the States between the Great Lakes and the Rockies. Indeed, the interior States were placed at a disadvantage because of the lower rates which the canal gave to competing points. Eastern lumber consumers, for instance, were enabled to buy Washington and Oregon lumber, shipped by way of the Panama Canal, more cheaply than they could buy lumber grown in the interior and sent East by rail.

With shipping rates thus lowered and with freight rates raised, the Mid-West was, in effect, moved farther from the coasts. The result of this situation, as Herbert Hoover has pointed out, was "to shrink what would otherwise have been a normal growth of Mid-West industry and drive it closer to the seaboard."

The greatest advantage claimed for the proposed St. Lawrence shipway is the benefit it promises to American and Canadian agriculture. The United States Department of Commerce estimated in 1928 that the use of the St. Lawrence route would save 6.4 to 9.6 cents a bushel on unbroken cargoes of wheat or from 36.4 to 54.5 per cent of existing rates from Duluth or Chicago to Liverpool. Advocates of the seaway claim that a saving in rates would be felt as far as Columbia Falls, Montana, and Mangum, Oklahoma.

In this event, the farmer would benefit not only from the saving in rates on grain actually shipped by the St. Lawrence, but also from the higher price which would be paid for all grain produced in the territory from which the lake shipping would draw, since the price paid for wheat is essentially the Liverpool price less the cost of transportation to Liverpool by the cheapest route. It is estimated that the construction of the St. Lawrence channel would raise the wheat farmer's selling price five cents a bushel, on an average, and that within each two-year period of operation the saving to farmers would exceed the capital cost of the waterway, exclusive of that part chargeable to power development.

Grain, however, would be only one of many commodities available for shipment by the St. Lawrence, the opening of which would extend the American coastline by four thousand miles. The shipway normally would serve for the general export and import trade of the Mid-West and the Northwest. Sugar, coffee, fruits, and rubber could be imported by this route, while the probable exports would include not only grain but also flour, iron and steel, agricultural implements and automobiles. Several years ago, a small ship loaded with automobiles sailed from Detroit to Barcelona. On a basis of this experiment it was estimated that, on an average, twenty-five dollars per car would be saved by sending automobiles direct from Detroit to Europe in large ships.

Moreover, it is anticipated that these savings on imports and exports would be made without injuring the

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business of the railways. In 1926 a commission of which Herbert Hoover was chairman stated that the total estimated tonnage available for the waterway, large as it was, amounted to less than four per cent of the tonnage then carried by American railway systems connecting the Lakes with the seaboard. When consideration is given to the fact that railways are overtaxed in periods of normal business and to the anticipated growth in population, the probable effect of the St. Lawrence seaway upon the railroads appears negligible.

The Western railroads hope to gain from the waterway and are among its strongest advocates. Those roads having their eastern terminals on the Lakes should be made more independent of the Eastern lines, which now allow them a disproportionately small share of through rates. The Western roads would thus be aided in overcoming a serious handicap and would attain relative equality of status with those of the East.

The Hoover commission concluded that "the construction of the shipway from the Great Lakes to the sea is imperative both for the relief and for the future development of a vast area in the interior of the continent" and that "the shipway should be constructed on the St. Lawrence route." This conclusion agreed with that of two earlier international commissions and with those of independent investigators.

Advocacy of a Great Lakes-Hudson route has almost died out. Such an alternate route would cost from three to five times as much for construction as the St. Lawrence channel, would necessitate more than twice as many locks, would be crossed by seven times as many bridges, would add 625 miles in distance, and would involve much higher shipping costs. Today this alternate project has so nearly been abandoned that dollar-wise New Yorkers are seeking to unload their barge canal upon the Federal Government and thus escape deficits in operation.

The construction of the St. Lawrence shipway now seems inevitable, the only questions being those of time, of engineering detail, of the sharing of expense, and of the control of power development. The work of construction is expected to require eight years — perhaps ten when allowance is made for political and financial delays. A joint board of engineers has estimated the cost as between $123,000,000 and $148,000,000, exclusive of that part chargeable to power development for which the Governments would be reimbursed. Some recent estimates run higher.

In dividing the cost of the work to be done, the two Governments will, of course, take into account the work they have done individually in dredging channels, digging canals and building locks. Canada, with the expensive Welland Canal to her credit, will be the net gainer from such considerations.

The proposed twenty-seven foot channel will accommodate all ships that might normally be expected to use the shipway. Of all freight vessels entering our ports, eighty-eight per cent could use such a channel. And if the channel were

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enlarged later to a depth of thirty feet, ninety-eight per cent of the freight liners and tramps could pass through. The passage can be kept open from seven to eight months a year for a potential traffic officially estimated at from 19,000,000 to 25,000,000 long tons of foreign and domestic cargo, sixty to eighty per cent of which would represent imports and exports.

The engineering problems of the proposed shipway are concerned mainly with the overcoming of several sets of rapids. Those near Montreal, entirely in Canadian territory, doubtless will be left mainly to Canadian enterprise, but the international rapids must be drowned or skirted by joint action of the two Governments. Before an agreement can be made on this point, however, certain divergent opinions of Canadian and American engineers must be reconciled. Consideration must be given also to a power-development project of New York State. It is expected that these adjustments will be made without difficulty, though they may delay the negotiation of a treaty.

No disadvantage to the United States is seen in having part of the route extend through Canada, since equal privileges on the St. Lawrence and the Great Lakes are guaranteed by treaty. Nor does this factor constitute any war danger; army engineers have given assurance that in an emergency the ship passage could be destroyed almost instantly by fire from the American shore.

In the production of electric power as a by-product, the possibilities of the St. Lawrence channel project are enormous. In the 183 miles between the foot of Lake Ontario and the city of Montreal, there is a fall of 226 feet. Down this incline rush 220,000 cubic feet of water per second, on an average, or ten times that which will flow over Hoover Dam in the Colorado River. This water could be harnessed to provide an estimated 5,000,000 horsepower.

Thirty miles above Montreal, Canadians are building the mammoth Beauharnois plant, expected to develop an ultimate 2,000,000 horsepower. Farther up, on the American side, the State of New York has taken preliminary steps to divert the stream slightly at Massena Point after building a proposed gigantic dam and power plant on what is now a depression in dry land. This power project, which will allow for a ship channel, now awaits the formulation of an agreement between the American and Canadian Governments.

There has been some friction between the State of New York and the Administration in Washington over whether the State's power interest or the Federal Government's navigation interest should take precedence; but since these interests are not in themselves opposed, a mutually satisfactory settlement is expected. Already the State Department has taken up with the power authority of New York the ironing out of whatever points of difference may be found to exist, and it appears that both parties are now close to complete agreement.

On the other hand, it is possible that political considerations in both countries will delay the negotiation and ratification of the treaty now under consideration. In Canada some opposition has developed in Mon-

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treal, largely from power interests. At present, this city profits by maintaining granaries and warehouses for the transfer of rail-borne goods to Europe-bound ships and from handling Canadian imports. Naturally, the people of Montreal will gain little satisfaction from seeing European ships sail past their port to trade at Toronto or Fort William. The chairman of the Montreal Harbor Commission is, however, a strong supporter of the seaway.

In this country the treaty may be delayed by conflicting aspirations of Governor Roosevelt and President Hoover and by the nearness of a national election. Senator Borah, who favors the waterway, expects no action by the Senate in the present session of Congress. He fears that controversy over the power aspects of the proposed treaty may hold back ratification.

In the Middle West, however, the economic plight of agriculture is adding force to the demand for early action on the St. Lawrence project, and now that negotiations are under way the ship channel is viewed with considerable hope as a means of farm relief. Any step which promises to raise the price of wheat is grasped at eagerly today. And the opening of the St. Lawrence is believed by many to offer higher prices not only for wheat but also for all other farm products, even those of which there is no exportable surplus. Wheat, as Governor Floyd B. Olson of Minnesota points out, "is and always has been a sort of economic bell-wether as to prices." The prices of farm commodities and the prices of manufactured commodities follow the market price of wheat up or down.

For a decade, the high railroad rates and the availability of the Panama route have been driving manufacturing to the seaboard. In Minnesota, non-agricultural industry has declined fifty per cent since the passage of the Esch-Cummins Act. This handicap might be overcome in part by bringing the sea to the now land-locked interior.

The economic advantage of a water route is seen readily when it is realized that it costs more to ship wheat from Aberdeen, South Dakota, to Minneapolis than it costs to ship the same wheat from New York to Genoa, Italy. Similarly, it is more expensive to ship steel from Pittsburgh to Chicago by rail than to ship it from Baltimore to San Francisco by the Panama route. The Great Lakes-St. Lawrence passage, with its locks and its sometimes narrow channel, will not reduce costs to the level of purely oceanic shipping, but the inland water rates will mark a sharp reduction from the present combination rates.

Some of the statements of Mid-Western and Northwestern governors may need to be discounted by making allowance for overenthusiasm. When, for instance, Governor Louis L. Emmerson of Illinois states that the seaway would slash freight costs five to ten dollars a ton, would save ten cents a bushel on grain shipments, and would benefit the American farmer at the rate of $150,000,000 a year, his figures are open to considerable question. Yet if the savings amounted to only half those he mentions, the St. Lawrence project would be eminently worth while and would warrant prompt construction.

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Why a Navy?

By Herbert C. Pell

Is it to raise taxes, increase employment, or has it a more realistic purpose?

Most discussions of naval affairs remind me of Yankee Doodle who "could not see the town, there were so many houses."

The first and most important part of the question is almost forgotten. Why do we need a navy at all? It is obviously not for the purpose of providing work at navy yards or expensive platforms from which to display the American flag in foreign harbors. The only justification for any navy is as a preparation for a possible war. If we believe that all war is inconceivable in the future, that no nation will become seriously involved with the United States throughout all time to come, then a navy would be as useless as a life preserver on a mountain top. If we are convinced that the noble nations of Europe will refrain like sportsmen from attacking a defenseless United States or if we believe that every nation in the world will recognize the piety and justice of our foreign policy and that international jealousy and avarice are abolished, then the navy may be abolished with them.

The navy is being attacked on all sides by insidious and stupid propaganda. We are told that it is a challenge to war; that it is an unbearable expense to the taxpayer; that for the moment at least, war seems improbable. Therefore, let us eat, drink and be merry. Forget the dead past and forget the living future.

There is enormous pressure being used to convince the governing group of the United States that the navy is simply a useless expense. This I do not believe. God knows, I do not advocate war against any country, but I do advocate the maintenance of the United States in such a condition that no country will consider the possibility of a declaration of war against us.

All of us realize that final dominance, both commercial and political, lay with England in the Nineteenth Century; that international law was ultimately based on British conceptions of justice and that international matters were settled according to British foreign policy clearly considerate of British interests. We have only to remember the definition of "contraband" set up by the English and accepted by the world in 1905 at the time of the

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Russian-Japanese War and that set up ten years later at the time of the war against Germany.

I do not mean to say that every petty squabble was settled in London but I do mean to say that the great affairs of the world in the Nineteenth Century were settled according to English ideas.

This position was taken and kept by the superior power of the English fleet and was not conceded to Great Britain by the world at large for its *beaux yeux* or because of any general recognition of its superior virtue.

On the whole, the Nineteenth Century was a great period of progress and if we are willing to trust our interests to the British Government, to leave to the English the eventual control of the world, we are perfectly justified in diminishing our navy. If the President of the United States in his desire to economize (and economy certainly is desirable) feels that for any reason England is better fitted than the United States to hold this ultimate power, then and only then is he justified in advocating the reduction of the United States Navy to a low level.

If we believe that the mother country would rush to the protection of the errant daughter, there is obviously no reason why we should ourselves waste money in providing against danger. If we believe that on the whole the United States is not fit to conduct its own foreign affairs, an excellent argument can be made for the destruction of the United States Navy and the abolition of the diplomatic corps and consular service. We could then maintain a gentleman in London who could from time to time appear at the British foreign office and humbly request the English to look out for American interests, if we can conceive of other nations being so wicked as to oppose them.

If we think that war is a possibility, we should prepare for it. The most expensive victory costs less than the cheapest defeat. That is axiomatic.

Although not always dispensing heavenly justice, the United States is, I believe, as fit as any other country to succeed to the control which England enjoyed during the Nineteenth Century. We should adopt the British policy of maintaining the dominant navy of the world. It is impossible for a nation as commercially great as the United States, with its connections abroad, to continue to exist unenvied in a calm and distant sphere. If we are to take our part in the world, we will make enemies and if we make enemies we are likely to get into quarrels.

At the present time, our Navy is in an absurd position. As the Administration and most of the pacifists continue to urge, it is undoubtedly costing a tremendous annual sum — far too great an amount to be wasted and yet, by the policy which we are adopting, the United States Navy is today condemned to defeat by any conceivable combination that can be raised against us. This may seem an extreme statement but it is impossible for the United States to be attacked by any European country unless that country has the support of Great Britain and our present policy has cut our

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navy below that of England and certainly far below that of England combined with any other country.

Do not imagine that the English politicians are more virtuous than the American; that they are more noble or more considerate of public good. Both countries are governed by men whose principal anxiety is to remain in office and who continue in place because of their adept appeal to the community at large.

I ask you if we can tolerate the thought that an appeal for immediate financial sacrifices in the interest of the great future of the country meets with a magnificent response from the rich and powerful in England and is treated with contempt by those who have most profited from the United States. Would a politician as cynical as Lloyd George ever dream of suggesting to the British manufacturer that a few pence in the pound would be taken off his income tax if in return he would advocate the sacrifice of the British Navy and the end of the British dominion of the seas?

During the great War, England and the United States extemporized magnificent armies behind their fleets but Germany was not able to expand its navy or effectively to take the second fleet of the world more than 200 miles from its base. If we enter a war, we must stand to win or lose with the naval establishment which we have at the beginning. The control of the sea is difficult to seize but very easy to hold.

I take the liberty of quoting from a speech which I delivered in the House of Representatives, February 10th, 1921, over ten years ago:

We need not delude ourselves. If we intend to succeed Germany as the chief commercial competitor of Great Britain, we will succeed also to Germany's position as the chief enemy of England; but there are circumstances today which for the first time in history may make war not an ineluctable necessity.

Bitter economies, governmental and private, are the order of the day in England, and yet they are strengthening their navy and their air forces. This they would not do except under pressing necessity, and against whom can they possibly be building? The German fleet is annihilated, and it is inconceivable that the English will ever allow them to build it up again. The combined continental fleets today could not stand for an hour against the British. There can be but one possible opponent against whom they are not fully prepared, and that is the United States; and yet, even in their poverty, they stint themselves to prepare against a possible opponent.

We have been told that a strong navy may be a fruitful cause of war. I do not believe that it is only the consciousness of weakness and the certainty of defeat that keeps the United States from embarking on a course of truculent arrogance. I know my countrymen better — they are neither bullies nor cowards.

We will never again have the opportunity that we now have. Some nation must be the strongest. This is a fact we can not avoid. Our choice is whether it will be the United States or another country. The chance of becoming, without a struggle, the most powerful in the world has never before been given to any great nation. I know of no people on earth who can be more safely trusted with this power than my own, and we must never forget that this power must lie somewhere and be the possession and glory of some people.

If we allow foreign propagandists to construct our foreign policy, then we may be sure that our local institutions which for so long have been our pride will be sacrificed along with the general interests of our country.

Let me say that if the people of the

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United States fear to accept the serious responsibility which is inherent in a powerful navy; if they so mistrust their own character that they consider power to be too dangerous a thing to trust themselves with or if the governing group is right in believing that one per cent off the income tax means more to our people than does the control of the world, then it is only proper that our navy should be scrapped and that we should resign ourselves to become a workshop and a centre of production from which can come no great ideas and no thoughts of real importance. They would make us not a nation but a factory.

I AM opposed to much of the recent aggressive policy of the United States in Central America, but as long as the United States Government can command the service of a pair of second class cruisers and can hire a couple of liners to use as transports, there will be an ample enough navy to land anywhere between Guiana and Texas. A large fleet is not being advocated because it is considered necessary for the bombardment of Haiti. It is wanted by those who believe that a war may occur in the future between the great nations and who in such a time would be glad to see their own country protected from any possible danger.

In any case, it seems to me clear that there is good reason for the United States to build the biggest navy in the world and at least a tenable argument for the United States abandoning its navy altogether. But it is beyond me to understand the conceivable value of a navy such as we have now. It is far too costly for any nation content to be a second class power and too weak seriously to be considered as a factor in any controversy with first class powers, except as an inferior annex to the English fleet. Is this what the pacifists advocate?

Are we to accept a navy which will fight unsuccessfully because our politicians must compromise between those who would have a navy which would win any fight and those who would refuse to fight at all? Must we accept defeat because we can not choose between victory and surrender?

As far as the maintenance of peace is concerned, we must remember that from the hour the smoke was scattered from the waters off Cape Trafalgar until the German challenge, there was no serious fighting done by the British Navy. There were, of course, individual actions such as those in our War of 1812; British warships appeared off Sebastopol and they have, on occasions, bombarded coast towns in Africa or in Asia; but there have been no general actions. Wooden ships were replaced by iron and iron ships by steel. Midshipmen rose to be admirals and their sons succeeded them in the command of British fleets, and there never was a battle, for no one dared to challenge them.

The British Empire is hardly ever at peace. Great Britain has been almost continually at war, and yet the greatest armies ever assembled, led by Hindenburg and by Napoleon, were unable to put a corporal's guard on that favored island which, in sight of their eyes, lived a life

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of peace protected only by its fleet.

We should not fall between two stools. We must either adopt the policy of Great Britain or that of China. For generations, Great Britain has acted on the principle that no combination of international circumstance can be such as to justify her in trusting to any nation or combination of nations the eventual maritime control of the world. This has been the policy of Great Britain in good times and in bad — under Conservative and under Liberal administrations, whether allied with Germany against France or with France against Germany.

England has always poured out gold like water to its allies but it has never permitted them to develop a strong navy. The result is that in a thousand years since the control of the North Sea passed from the Danes to the English, England has suffered but one hostile invasion. There has been as much civil war in England as in any other single country of Europe. During the Wars of the Roses and during the Rebellion of Cromwell and during the Jacobite struggles, no continental enemy was ever able to effect a lodgment. The "silver streak school" has done well by England. Relying on the strength of their fleets, the English have been able to live comfortably and to pursue the arts of peace more successfully than have any other people.

China has adopted the opposite course. For centuries, the Chinese maintained no navy and despised the profession of a soldier.

The present case of China is conspicuous in the daily press but is only repetition of her history from the earliest times. Impecunious and active nations have swarmed over China, occupied it, taken the best part of it for themselves and settled until they themselves became Chinafied. The Chinese people content with a subordinate position and knowing no standard of life but the lowest continued to labor contentedly for whatever masters might be imposed upon them.

More recently the Chinese have attempted what they consider to be a more vigorous system of defense. They achieved the protection of a wall of treaties — League, Kellogg Pact and the Nine Powers Treaty.

IN 1914 the welkin echoed with the eloquence of British orators who pointed out that though they had no desire or interest whatsoever in the war against Germany, the honor of Great Britain became involved when the independence of Belgium, guaranteed by the signature of Great Britain, was violated. The act of a British foreign minister, though made seventy-five years before, would be upheld at any cost. England would rather sink a hundred fathoms beneath the water than to see her signature dishonored in Belgium.

It all sounded very noble and those of us who looked for another motive were suspected of being the corrupt tools of the Kaiser. But the same situation exists today. England guaranteed the independence and integrity of China not seventy-five but nine years ago and there is not one single person in England who has the slightest idea that from one end of Great Britain to another anything

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whatsoever will be done to maintain that "plighted faith" made so famous in 1914. The United States also guaranteed the independence and integrity of China in those treaties composed by Mr. Hughes which, if they did not give the United States great power in the world, at least gave the Republican party great power in the country.

There can be no doubt whatsoever about it. The solemn and definite word of the United States is pledged to uphold the independence and integrity of China and yet there is not an American of any party or of any class who is in favor of upholding this pledge. France, Portugal, Italy, Belgium and Holland also took part in the treaty. These nations have made a gesture and have shaken their fingers at Japan. The Japanese Government, being composed of courteous gentlemen, refrained from a very natural desire to make a finger nose at the protesting ambassadors and, without even a smile, explained that they had woven a garment of fig leaves for the God of Battles. The assembled guarantors of Chinese integrity of whom the Japanese were the most faithful and enthusiastic had been quite wrong in assuming that the Japanese were waging war against China. They had merely sent an expedition to maintain order.

This solemn nonsense will be repeated whenever any country is anxious to exploit China and the rest of the world does not feel that its interests are being violated. The pacifists ask the United States to rely on treaties, on the obligations and promises of other nations at the very moment when they are clamoring for the United States to violate its own treaty obligations to China. If we do not maintain our treaties, why should we expect other nations to be more careful. The truth is that no nation ever has or will keep any treaty longer than its interests demand. Treaties in practice are nothing but statements of policy. Of course, it would not do for any nation in its intercourse with others to act as if treaties did not exist but whether or not a treaty will be kept is always a question of policy. If government debts are not paid a loss of credit will inevitably follow. But there is no court which can enforce its decisions into which nations can be hailed. Of course, the English, who could not understand how we could sleep at night when Belgium was being violated, are older today and possibly more somnolent. At any rate, I have heard of nobody suffering from insomnia because of what has happened in China and I very much doubt if there would be many more people ready to rush to our aid if we followed the Chinese example of relying on the word, the treaties and the guarantees of Christian nations.

The Chinese have followed the advice of missionaries and have turned the other cheek, they have followed the advice of most of the peoples of the world and have relied on the League of Nations. They have followed the advice of the United States and relied on the written guarantee of specific nations of which the United States was the first, and all to what good? Is it any wonder that the Chinese turn toward Russia?

I should prefer a rule of interna-

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tional justice. I should prefer to see international quarrels decided according to principles of law and justice by an impartial court able to enforce its decisions. The realization of such a vision should be the goal of every person interested in humanity, but we may be sure until such a court exists with real power that international quarrels, especially those between great nations, will be settled by the quarreling nations themselves and that in these quarrels the ultimate argument will be force. No one can regret that fact more than I, but it must be recognized.

Peace must be maintained by power; justice must be enforced by strength. That power and that strength may be in the hands of one people as it was in the Nineteenth Century and we will have order; or it may be, as I should like it to be, in the hands of the organized nations of the world, which would give us peace. If it lies nowhere, ready to be seized by any chance coalition, irresponsible, selfish and reckless of consequences, the result inevitably will be suspicion, fear, hatred and war. Is there any phase of human relationship in which equality among rivals who recognize no superior has not produced contests? I instance love, sport, business.

I have tried to state this question clearly. I have sufficiently indicated my own conclusion but whether I am right or wrong in my decision to support the United States against every other nation, I am unquestionably right in demanding that the people of this country realize the nature of this question and understand that they are voting for something vastly more important than lowering their taxes or employing a certain number of laborers or putting some workmen out of a job; they are voting yes or no on this question: "Do you believe that your country rather than any other should be the first in the world?"

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The President's Opportunity

By Norman Lombard

In whose opinion there is one clear-cut, bold step that Mr. Hoover can take to end the depression

I suppose, if a million people were gathered together and the question were put to them, "What should the President do?" there would be a million answers, all different. Obviously, the plans of all can not be followed.

And yet it is a proper subject of discussion, if approached in a sympathetic spirit. What the President does, particularly in a time of dire social and economic crisis, such as we are now in, is a matter of concern to all of us.

It is on only one aspect of the President's numerous, diverse, and onerous responsibilities that I would comment. Formerly active in the work of mobilizing public and official opinion to see, understand and take steps to correct the menace to society of a monetary system without plan or method of rational control, I am now a mere bystander endeavoring to foresee trends. What I have to offer, therefore, is not advanced in a mood of captious criticism or as propaganda for a cause, but with a solemn feeling of the existence of a real need and of a moral responsibility to aid, if I may, by analysis and constructive suggestion.

Let us waive, for the moment, thoughts of political expediency. I do not ask consideration of these ideas on the ground that, if they are heeded, the President may improve his chances of reëlection. It is in the spirit that led him to save the starving babies of Belgium, the spirit that won for him the heart of the world, that I would desire him to act to save some millions of underfed, if not starving, men, women and children in the United States, now facing physical, mental and moral disintegration.

Can we not agree that an important cause, or phase at least, of our present economic plight is the drastic decline in the prices of commodities — in the general level of prices? No one, it seems to me, can deny that, while business may be conducted on one level as well as on another, rapid changes of level are exceedingly unsettling. Hesitance of purchasers to buy when they feel that they may be able to buy cheaper tomorrow; shrinking inventories; declining demand for goods; impairment of security and real estate values with consequent calling of loans, defaults, foreclosures; closed

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factories, banks, stores; stagnant offices; unemployment — all will certainly agree that, irrespective of differences of opinion as to fundamental causes and possible remedies, these are the devastating phenomena that inevitably accompany a falling price level.

Facing, then, the fact that prices have fallen, whether or not the decline could have been prevented, what of the future? Supposing that it is possible to control the price level, what should now be the aim? Should we aim to stabilize it where it is — merely prevent it from going lower — or should we try to reverse the trend, perhaps to raise the level by ten per cent, or twenty per cent or, even, to restore prices on the average to where they were, say, in 1929; and if so, how?

To leave the price level where it is means that numerous and serious readjustments will have to be made in wages, rents, taxes, salaries, public utility and railroad rates, capitalizations, valuations debts, and so on. This would be a long-drawn-out painful process that could be shortened and rendered less painful if we adopted the other expedient — a partial restoration. That is what occurred in 1921, after the drop of 1920, and it ushered in seven years of active employment, heightened production, widespread prosperity. How to do that again is the solemn problem of the moment and upon its solution may depend political destinies, the lives of innocent people, untold human consequences.

It is my thesis that such a development is now desirable, practical, attainable. What should be done to bring it about?

To answer this question in the space available I must assume that my readers have a certain degree of familiarity with the subject of monetary economics and that they will accept, without my having to expound, explain, explore, argue and defend them, a series of seemingly dogmatic assertions, which, however, I feel confident have the support of logic and of the overwhelming preponderance of informed and expert opinion.

These are:

(1) The general level of prices is the reciprocal of the purchasing power of money. When one goes up the other goes down. To raise prices, therefore, we must lower the purchasing power of money. This is a mere truism.

(2) Money (in which term I include not only gold coin and currency but bank credit and all forms of instruments of payments and their effective substitutes — legal tender and otherwise) is subject to the same law of demand and supply that applies to wheat or cotton or anything else. To cheapen it (I do not refer to interest rates; I am talking of value — purchasing power) we must increase the supply — either the volume or the velocity of circulation — relative to the needs of business.

(3) To increase the money volume in the simplest, most direct, most expeditious manner we must increase the money loaned by banks and borrowed by business men.

(4) The obstacle that prevents such an increase now is the feeling, (a) on the part of business men, that, if they borrow in the face of a threatened continued fall in prices, they will probably not profit and that

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their banks may have to call their loans and thus embarrass them; and (b) on the part of bankers, that they must keep their assets very liquid so as to be able to meet any possible demands their depositors may make on them. Hence they decline loans they would be glad to make if they knew prices were going to rise (or even were not going to fall); and they call loans that are not readily payable or negotiable.

(5) If something were to force huge deposits on the banks so that their reserves became excessive, they would no longer worry about liquidity and their problem would become one of loaning the funds available rather than one of preparing to meet their depositors' demands, and, if business men felt both safety and assurance of profit in borrowing, the supply of credit in use would grow, prices would rise, production and trade would increase, employment would expand, foreclosures would diminish, imports and exports would be augmented.

THAT is the outline of our problem. Now let us suppose our old friend, the visitor from Mars, should arrive with one billion dollars in United States gold coin and should deposit it in any banks that would take it; and suppose he announced, and people believed him, that he had an unlimited amount more to deposit and that he would keep on depositing money at the rate of one hundred million dollars a week until the general level of prices rose, say, ten or twenty per cent, as he liked; and that then he would stop making deposits; and that, if prices rose more than his predetermined limit, he would start drawing his gold out again and would send it back to Mars, to prevent inflation and wild speculation.

With such an assurance of continued policy and intention, backed by a factual demonstration, does any one suppose that the results would not follow as indicated? Does any one doubt that prices would rise, that people would buy, that factories would open, that foreclosures and bank failures would diminish, that business men would go to their banks for loans?

Where is the man from Mars? In 1849, he was a man named Marshall who found gold on the ill-fated Sutter's domain in California. In 1893, he was a man who discovered a new process for extracting gold, aided and abetted by others who found new gold in Alaska and South Africa.

But these Martians had not the desirable faculty of being able to stop when the remedy had begun to do its work. They kept on pouring in gold until they brought inflation, boom, over-expansion. Our man from Mars, in this more rational and intelligent age, must be wiser; he must stop the injection of his remedy once it has done its work; he must be able to draw down his gold when it becomes too abundant.

Surely we do not have to await some fortuitous man from Mars to rescue us from our present predicament. Must we go on and on, and must prices go down and down as they did from 1812 to 1850 and from 1865 to 1896? If so, there may be twenty years of this economic hell before us. And then must we again go too far the other way, into inflation and boom, to be followed

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by another crash and despair again, and have it all to do over again?

No. There is a man from Mars — an improved, rational, controllable force. There is an available, practical, effective, sound device with which to accomplish the result desired, that is, to increase bank deposits and reserves in the aggregate so that the banks will be freed from their liquidity complex and be led to loan more freely, to discontinue these deposits when the rise has gone to a predetermined extent, and to draw out deposits when the momentum engendered is able to sustain itself or threatens to carry over to an excessive degree.

This device is the open market power of the Federal Reserve System.

The Federal Reserve Banks — twelve of them — under the guidance and restraint of the Federal Reserve Board might tomorrow begin buying United States Government bonds, Treasury certificates, eligible acceptances. The authorities of the System could announce that it was their intention to continue this buying until the index number of the United States Bureau of Labor Statistics had risen twenty per cent and that then the Reserve banks would stop buying and, if necessary, sell (and thereby absorb credit) so as to prevent the situation from getting out of hand. Cashiers' checks of the Federal Reserve banks in payment for these securities would flow out to their sellers and would be deposited to their credit in various member banks who would, in turn, deposit them in a Federal Reserve bank. They would then become member bank reserves. These member banks would use these funds, first, to pay off their own loans from the Federal Reserve, then to buy bonds, then to make loans to their customers. As reserves, they would support from ten to fifteen times their nominal amount in loans and investments, because banks are required to keep from three per cent to thirteen per cent reserve against their deposits and every loan makes a deposit — if not in the lending bank, then in some other.

According to Governor Harrison of the Federal Reserve Bank of New York, the System has gold enough to make possible such purchases up to $3,500,000,000, enough to sustain new credit of $35,000,000,000 or more. How many men would this employ?

If under such a programme gold should start to leave the country — and there is every reason why it should not, because gold goes where business is good — then let the Reserve banks raise their discount rates. That would call it back.

If, in spite of all, gold proved a traitor and a coward, then there is provision in the present Federal Reserve Act for waiving the legal requirements as to minimum reserve ratios, so that whatever volume of gold we may have will sustain whatever volume of credit we may need. The Bank of England has no legal minimum reserve ratio and it has operated for long periods on one-fifth of the ratio which habit has dictated in this country.

HERE is a sound, unimpeachable, expertly approved device and plan. It has been proposed and urged innumerable times. Why has it not been adopted?

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No one connected with the Federal Reserve System has ever answered that question — at least, not in public, so far as I know.

There are answers; but they do not satisfy.

Here are some of them:

Bankers don't want any more reserves. They can not loan what they have now. (Of course, under this plan any bank can refuse to accept any of the new deposits that would result from its adoption.)

It would usher in a period of inflation which it might be difficult to stop. (The power that starts it can stop it at any time. If its limits were clearly stated in advance, when it was adopted, efforts to stop it would receive the support of public opinion.)

Creditors profit from a lower price level and the creditor class controls the country. (Stability of prices is the ideal social condition. It is doubtful if, in the long run, the creditor class really does profit from such conditions as we are now enduring.)

It is an artificial interference with the law of demand and supply. (If so, then so is the fixation of the length of the yard. The Federal Government is, by the Constitution, the only agency having control over money in the United States and it has delegated that control to the Federal Reserve and can take it away again.)

If the Federal Reserve System were once looked upon as influencing price levels it might be charged with the blame for every fluctuation of individual prices. (This is to assume a depth of popular ignorance that I believe does not exist.)

Never have I read an answer that goes to the heart of the matter, that questions the economic and social soundness of the plan. Always, the reason urged is one arising out of prejudice, selfish interest, or ignorance.

As this is written, recent statements of the condition of the Federal Reserve banks, as they appear each Friday morning in the press, have shown a tendency to increase the Federal Reserve holdings of open market securities and this might be taken as a partial adoption of the device here suggested; but such increases have not been sufficient to overcome decreases in rediscounts and other items and to effect the marked increase in Federal Reserve credit outstanding and in member bank reserves that the present situation calls for. On the other hand, decreases in loans and investments, as shown in the weekly statements of reporting member banks, indicate a continuance of the deflation or liquidation policy of the banks (more than seasonal) further testifying to the need of this positive correction.

It may be in order to refer to another suggestion now receiving wide-spread popular attention and increasing support in Congress, that is, the plan proposed in the Costigan-LaFollette bill, and to examine its probable effectiveness in contrast to the suggestion that open market holdings be markedly increased.

The Costigan-LaFollette bill would have the Federal Government issue and sell $375,000,000 of bonds, the proceeds to be expended for building new roads and other public works. As these bonds would have to be sold to the investing

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public, it is difficult to see how any positive increase of the money or credit volume would result. When a man buys Government bonds he gives a check on his own bank in payment. This check is redeposited in the same or some other bank to the credit of the United States Treasury. No change in the total deposit occurs — only a change in the name of the depositor. To be a success such a plan must needs be supported by Federal Reserve policy, that is, the Federal Reserve banks must buy the bonds or must increase their loans to member banks to enable them to do so; but no new bonds are needed to enable the Federal Reserve to do that now.

Analysis must make it evident that the Costigan-LaFollette plan is no alternative to the open market purchase plan here urged.

THEREFORE, what I suggest is that the authorities of the Federal Reserve System (the governor and members of the Federal Reserve Board and the governors and directors of the Federal Reserve banks), publicly or privately, increase the total of Federal Reserve credit outstanding, by buying at least $100,000,000 of eligible securities per week until the price level has risen twenty per cent; that then they should stop buying; that, if the price level goes on rising, they should reduce the outstanding credit by selling securities as fast as need be to hold it steady.

The Administration is valiantly striving to loosen money, expand business, reduce unemployment. On the other hand, the banking element hugs its security, sequesters its credit, hoards its money, sits tight, keeps liquid, hopes to ride out the storm, waits for some one else to move.

I do not mean to impugn the bankers. They are doing only what they think necessary to protect their stockholders and their depositors. They regret the present situation as much as any one. They would like to see it changed. But the individual banker has no option in the matter and little power.

Some powerful, informed, determined leadership is needed to protect them from themselves. They are jamming the exits, as a frenzied mob does at a fire. There is only one man who can exercise the power, who commands the channels, whose word can carry the day, and who alone can force the credit expansion and the business revival that would follow.

That is the President.

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A Scientific Fortune Teller

By M. Luckiesh

Theoretically it is possible for human beings to see back as far as the formation of the earth and to find out what will happen to them a billion years hence

Adventure is perpetually the mainspring of life's interest. In bygone ages adventure was found chiefly in the physical subjugation of peoples and of unexplored lands. With advancing time and knowledge a new kind of adventure began to bid for attention. Now there are many thrills to be found in the intellectual subjugation of natural laws and of unexplored and even invisible realms of Nature. These in turn open new avenues of adventure for the future. With our earth entirely explored, future adventurers will travel to the moon and to Mars. Long before interest in the present is exhausted mankind will likely satisfy the ever-existent desire to see past events and to foretell the future.

Men have long speculated and dreamed of fanciful adventures. Jules Verne took uncounted readers on imaginary trips. Some of these have actually materialized, but Jules Verne was not prophetic. These coincidences between old fiction and modern achievements were purely accidental, for he did not presume to base his fanciful inventions and journeys upon even theoretical knowledge. Many future adventures as thrilling as those of Verne can be predicted safely upon knowledge. This is the contribution which scientific method has made to modern civilization.

Modern science began in earnest with Galileo about three centuries ago. Modern knowledge and utilization of natural laws owe their existence to the experimental method which he so capably introduced into the search for knowledge. Philosophy has its place in this search, but alone it produces little in material things beyond the fairly obvious. Ancient philosophers went far on their course, but uncovered little or nothing of Nature's hidden secrets. Now we may build with and upon what we know with certainty, not merely upon what we think. Philosophy and logical deduction are still necessary to span the gaps in knowledge, but they must be used cautiously and sparingly. And to these must be added imagination ballasted by knowledge, if new adventures are to be successfully predicted or achieved.

Adventurers for ages have paid

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homage to God or to gods. Now any one who rides in an automobile or airplane might justly salute Galileo. Before we adventure into seeing the past and also the future of civilization let us set a good example. In our imagination we visit a modest church in Florence, Italy, and stand reverentially between the tombs of Michaelangelo and Galileo. The superb artist died during the year in which was born the great exponent of experimental science and of certainty of knowledge. As we stand there we see in our mind's eye Michaelangelo's failing hands pass the sceptre from art to new-born modern science. Few achievements in art were destined to transcend those of this versatile and energetic artist. Galileo by introducing the experimental method was to lay the foundation for modern science, which is tested and testable knowledge — everlasting materials for successful construction and prediction. No more appropriate shrine could be chosen for those who enjoy the fruits of modern science. It is fitting for Florence, having taught the world art, to have given to civilization the one who was to teach that Nature was not only worth understanding but how this could be accomplished with certainty.

With this homage paid we may imagine ourselves seated in a ship of space about to depart for a visit to the moon or on a two-year trip to Mars. This would be high adventure and doubtless will come to future generations. But this may be achieved by remaining safely on earth, provided one has a super-telescope. Furthermore, such an instrument would provide us with countless adventures into past history which would dwarf into insignificance a mere physical trip to Mars. A super-telescope of unlimited magnification would enable us to see events which occurred before our birth. Barring adverse weather conditions at the time, we might see battles in past wars, the crucifixion of Christ, the prehistoric animals in their natural environment. We could sit on Pike's Peak and watch it and the Rocky Mountains being formed and the shapes of oceans being changed. Inasmuch as we do not know the limit to which we could turn back time, it is possible we might see the tongue of fiery material drawn from the sun and the earth molded therefrom. Not only would we see our reasonably known history but we could check the speculations and hypotheses pertaining to geological ages and celestial matters.

THE idea is simple but the achievement may be long delayed. Magnification by ordinary optical methods becomes increasingly difficult; consider the largest existing astronomical telescopes. Proceeding much further in this direction involves lenses and reflectors of extreme bulkiness. Every day light is being converted into electrical phenomena and electricity is being converted into light. Electrical magnification or amplification of enormous ranges is being achieved daily in radio and elsewhere. Theoretically there are no fundamental obstacles to carrying electrical magnification as far as necessary. Thus a super-telescope becomes theoretically possible by introducing the electrical magnification in the optical chain

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between the objective and the eye-piece. Any thing theoretically possible will become a practical achievement when the reward is great enough.

Being equipped with this super-telescope of unlimited magnification, we need only to look at past events in suitable and properly located mirrors. Time is turned back because light travels with a finite velocity. In fact, the speed of light is tortoise-like when viewed in terms of celestial distances. It requires time for light to travel from the sun to the earth. Any phenomenon, such as an eruption on the sun, when seen through a telescope is seen eight minutes after it occurs. Of the stars which appear particularly brilliant, Sirius is the nearest. Still it is 500,000 times further away than the sun and it takes nine years for light to travel from it to us. So it is with all of space. Suppose that an enormous explosion took place out in space and that it resulted in a hitherto unheard of amount of light. Its light, though traveling 186,000 miles per second, would seem to observers with a telescope on earth to travel very slowly. As the years and centuries and æons passed, celestial bodies farther and farther from this abnormal and temporary source of light would become illuminated. Astronomers ages in the future would see dim stars become brighter and from a cause which occurred in this primitive age of 1932.

Now we are ready to consider light which has left the earth long ago and has been reflected by mirrors out in space and returned to us. Obviously in a mirror as far away as Sirius we could see events happening on earth about eighteen years ago. Having a super-telescope of enormous magnification we need only small perfect mirrors out in space. In facets of crystals, for example, Nature supplies these in abundance. Certainly there are uncounted cold bodies in celestial space. With our super-telescope we search them out and, accidentally or otherwise, find mirrors oriented to our liking and at the distances necessary for viewing the past events desired.

Gradually a new map of the heavens would be developed. Distant mirrors would be located and their movements would be predicted. The succession of historical events could be predicted in any given case with as great certainty as the astronomer now enjoys. These "motion-pictures" would be more or less decreased or increased in rapidity or movement, depending upon the relative motion of the mirror away or toward the earth. Rotation of the mirrors would be annoying because this would cut the "reels" short and beyond our control, but in the infinity of choices there should be plenty of mirrors which rotated sufficiently in unison with the earth to prolong the view to our satisfaction. A new type of searcher of the heavens would develop to serve and predict the motion-pictures of past history.

Obviously the weather conditions present at the time of the event would be of importance. Doubtless the observers would be disappointed occasionally by a cloud veil being drawn across an interesting scene at a thrilling hour. However, on clear days atmospheric conditions would not be annoying. We see the details

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on the sun and moon plainly. From great altitudes above nearly all the haze and much of the atmosphere, we see the details of the earth very accurately. With our super-telescope the pictures of earth events pass twice through the atmosphere; once outward bound and once on their return after the journey of years, centuries or æons. Likewise weather conditions over the distant mirrors may be disposed of.

POLARIS, the North Star, is so far away that it takes light about 150 years to travel the round trip from the earth. A mirror at that distance would reveal events near the close of the Revolutionary war. If we sat on Rigel with our super-telescope we would have to wait twenty-six years to see the ships of Columbus approaching America on their voyage of discovery. Rigel is 466 light-years away, so if we wished to see this event from the earth's surface we would have to find a mirror 220 light-years away or thirteen years less than half the time required for light to travel from the earth to Rigel.

Imagine a future theatre billing motion-pictures of past history — the actual scenes and the original actors! On a coming Thursday the destruction of the Spanish Armada is to be shown. Also one may imagine the disappointment if the show is called off on account of rain — a rain of long ago. Or the burial of Pompeii might become obscured by the sulphurous smoke. Anyway, it would be a thrilling scene. But, of course, the management will be prepared with other events and the super-telescope will turn to these one after another in search of a substitute thriller. This substitute might be a more recent event or one which took place thousands of years ago.

Imagine these future theatres awaiting the coming of the crucifixion of Christ. Millions of persons everywhere will have learned to hope for good atmospheric conditions at the time of the event about 1900 years ago. Atmospheric conditions at the earth's surface may be largely eliminated by having the super-telescopes located in the most favorable places. Or a tower five or ten miles high would raise it above most clouds. Imagine the hushed reverence and emotional strain as the millions await the coming of this scene!

Pushing time back farther the presentation of natural history becomes a possibility. The dinosaurs and other extinct animals may be seen playing and fighting. Changes in physical geography may be seen. The course of various ice-ages should be easily traced and the time of occurrence accurately established. Geological epochs would march one after another across the field of vision of millions and not be confined merely to the imagination of scientific men. Denver might witness the great upheaval which raised its level a mile above the sea and buckled the earth's crust to form mountains nearly two miles higher in its neighborhood. With this upheaval great areas of water changed their size and contour. Of course, these events did not take place in an hour or two, but, just as the growth of plants is now shown, these events which take place slowly could be compressed by using the proper succession of bits of light-pictures from a number of mirrors.

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And so the story of the actual motion-pictures of the past may have no end. Theoretically we need not confine our views to earth's history. We might witness events which took place before the earth existed. There are obstacles indeed and perhaps there are limitations as to details. However, there are no fundamental impossibilities in the way and it seems reasonably certain that the present great achievements with astronomical telescopes will some day be merely the primitive products of men working with crude instruments of great limitations. No perfect super-telescope will be produced until a long series of disappointing and successful steps have been taken. Much study must be given to the possible distortion of the light-pictures by gravitational phenomena and motions in space. However, none of these seems to be serious, as attested by present-day astronomical observations. The best insurance for success is that space is practically empty from an optical viewpoint.

These views of past events transcend in general interest the astronomical possibilities and other scientific contributions of a super-telescope. All these will be realized along with the great educational and entertaining value of seeing some of the past history of mankind, of the earth, of the solar system and of some of the universe at least.

SEEING the past has endless thrill and adventure, even though it is not our individual past. Many persons patronize fortune-tellers in futile attempts to learn something of their individual future. As yet, science can offer nothing for these, but it does have within its grasp the foretelling of many of the future possibilities of civilization, at least as to material developments. The latter is equally simple, in general principle, as seeing the past.

In foretelling the material future of our civilization we must depend upon seeing what other peoples of the universe are doing. This might be done with the super-telescope but there may be limitations in seeing the necessary details. However, before discussing the means, it is necessary to consider the possibility of the existence of thinking beings elsewhere in the universe. Admittedly there are learned men arrayed on both sides of this question, but it is difficult to be patient with those who think that this insignificant mote which we term "Earth" contains the only thinking beings in the entire universe. Such an attitude seems more fitting to bygone centuries, when man's supreme egotism deduced a universe of which the earth — and earth-beings — were the centre. This narrow egotistical view was responsible for the pre-Copernican astronomical theories and resisted strongly the theory of Copernicus now known to be true. But this egotism is difficult to submerge even today, as is seen in many unsupported beliefs and speculations.

Considering the magnitude of the universe and the myriad celestial bodies, there must be an infinite variety of conditions available. Furthermore, there is no reason for believing that there are not present in distant space many cooled non-luminous bodies. They need not be tied to a sun, as the earth is, nor need the physical conditions, especially

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the atmosphere, be similar to those in which we live. Another people of the universe need not appear like earth-beings. They need not eat nor breathe the same things that we do. Having infinite time, Nature may evolve thinking beings here and there to fit each particular environment. Even the thought processes may differ materially. Some of those environments which have visible radiation, such as our sunlight, would develop organs of sight in these thinking beings, because this is a highly satisfactory way for beings to appraise the objects at a distance in the world about them. Furthermore, the omnipresence of light in the universe is adequate assurance that seeing with radiant energy within the limits of the wave-length sensibility of our eyes will have been widely developed throughout the universe.

Foretelling the future of our civilization is not predicted upon conversing with these far-off peoples. This might be an eventuality, but it is a hope too flimsy for consideration. It ranks in superficiality and silliness with flashing a Morse code to Mars. But there is a universal language among those who can see. That language is *seeing*. If we may see what other peoples are doing we may foretell some of the future at least of our own civilization. In the infinitude of space some peoples may be a billion years in advance of us, perhaps so far ahead that we could not even understand what we saw them doing or using. There should be available here and there peoples in all stages of advancement. From these we could piece together a comprehensible fabric.

If these other peoples were so different from us in appearance and in other conditions, how would their doings in any way foretell our future progress? This answer is also simple. Science is founded upon universal laws. We have adequate reason for believing — even for knowing — that the same ninety elements are scattered through the universe and that the same fundamental natural laws hold everywhere. In other words, other peoples, however differing from us in appearance, environment and mode of living, have the same "tools" to build with. Their science — their knowledge — must be the same as ours. They will build from these universal laws and materials the same things that we do, at least in principle. Those peoples far in advance of us will have built far in advance of us. They will have available much more knowledge and will have harnessed laws and materials in many ways which, owing to our relative ignorance, we have not yet done. Those peoples, who see by means of light of the same wavelength range as we do, will have developed television. Doubtless this is an achievement already millions of years old for some peoples. Perhaps long before our stone age television waves were reaching the earth. Perhaps in this room such waves are coming from many celestial peoples now. If we could detect them we would see their life, their achievements, their devices; the products of their knowledge and of the same basic laws and materials which we have available. We might see peculiar beings and strange environments, but the results of knowledge displayed on every hand would not

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differ materially from those achieved or achievable on earth.

Thus we may see the past by reflection of earth-events and celestial ones in distant mirrors. Also we may see the future reflected in the achievements of thinking celestial peoples elsewhere in the universe. Many details have necessarily been omitted from this discussion, but there seem to be no obstacles visible from a theoretical viewpoint. When things are theoretically possible they usually become practicalities, if the reward is great enough. And what price would we not pay to see the great events of the past and to glimpse some of the far distant achievements of science? But these achievements would be greatly hastened if we could peep into the volumes of knowledge and experience of other thinking beings who have pursued the scientific method for æons instead of a few centuries, as we have.

Carnival

By Granville Paul Smith

The night, aglow with lights of carnival,
Was filled with merry laugh and careless jest,
But none so joyous, none so gaily pressed
The hands of luring maidens as that tall
Audacious cavalier, whose masquerade
Was but a poor concealment for the fire
Of ardent being, and the hot desire
Of life that on his mobile features played.
At last we stood together, and I said,
"You have the key to laughter's storehouse, pray
Unlock the door for me." He tossed his head,
"The key is yours," he mocked. "The other day
I buried one who died of pestilence,
And I shall laugh no more a few days hence."

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Fumigating the Movies

By Edwin Ware Hullinger

Wall Street turns its attention to Hollywood

From the chaos that is Hollywood, a sadder and, in some ways, chastened moving picture industry is emerging. Sadder because the good old days of carefree spending are seemingly gone forever; chastened because those same days, plus the recent depression ("recent" used patriotically) have resulted in the industry's falling into the hands of new masters who look with ill-concealed disapproval on the wicked practice of spending two dollars where one would do.

Hollywood, that for years has flouted all known precepts of "good business," has thumbed its nose, figuratively speaking, at such Babbitty maxims as "economy" and "business caution," and, moreover, got away with it, is coming down to the soil and beginning to repeat the same jargon of "business system" and "time is money" that has helped make America the material success that she is, or was.

After three years of crushing losses had almost paralyzed the film world and reduced production of pictures to a tenth of what it was normally, America's fourth largest industry is now seemingly through its Gethsemane. Although still below pre-depression levels, production schedules are once more on the increase. Financial support has been obtained for most of the larger production units, and the "independents" are already shooting merrily. America is again on the way towards having its picture appetite satisfied.

After two years of watching from afar, while Hollywood struggled and tangled itself up deeper and deeper, Wall Street this last winter finally moved into the picture in a literal sense; and, moving in, undertook to dictate studio policies in no half-hearted way. A veteran efficiency expert, who for years has specialized in doctoring worn-out corporations, has been made president of one of the major picture companies and given the assignment of making the organization run like a modern business corporation. Two other major studios are entering the present season with new financial backing, backing which has well-defined Wall-Street origin. In a fourth, the former owners managed to clamber back upon their old office chairs only in the capacity of salaried employes and after oft-repeated promises of better behavior. On a number of "lots," changes have been made in

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the faces in the inner holy of holies. The only reason the turnover in executives was not more far reaching was because, in the final analysis, the making of pictures is a technical affair and it was difficult to produce trained executives on the spur of the moment. Only two major studios have come through comparatively unscathed so far as internal organization goes.

What will be the final result of this internal readjustment on the quality of moving pictures — which, of course, is a feature that interests the American public — remains to be seen. But one thing seems fairly certain: a crisis which many thought would lead to the collapse of the Pacific Coast's leading industry, has for the time being been averted, and, again seemingly, the moving picture industry is at last on a way towards stabilization.

WALL STREET'S entrance into the movie world as a dominating force came from no motive of imperialism on the part of the Eastern bankers, but from the necessity of safeguarding an already large interest in the picture world and preventing their previous investments from being swept away in a general debacle which seemed imminent.

When Hollywood first went to Wall Street, some two or three years ago, and made an appeal to substantial investors for a "stake," it went under the magic banner of art, and with such epigrams as "pictures is pictures," and quality is synonymous with big expenditures, *i.e.*, that if "good pictures" were to ensue, the movie world must be allowed to do things in its own way, which was to spend money. That way had brought in the shekels in the past — due to a combination of circumstances which at that time were not taken into consideration — and it was assumed that similar results would follow in the future. True, the petitioning companies were heavily in debt at the time, but it was argued that this was due to an important expansion programme, then in progress, and to certain unfortunate errors in gauging their product and market. The formula had an attractive sound, and the bankers decided to take a fling in the picture business.

Whereupon the unexpected happened. In the past, the moving picture industry never had been affected seriously by a national business depression. Box office receipts shrank a little, but the producers always made money. People might not buy clothes or furniture, but they would go to the movies. The recent panic, however, leveled the movie magnates along with everybody else, and by 1931, staggering losses brought picture production almost to a standstill. The major studios practically closed down for a time, and the streets of Hollywood became a No Man's Land of the jobless.

It is now generally agreed that this was due, not to the greater severity of the present depression, but to a disastrous coincidence of other circumstances. First, the picture magnates had just made the experiment of going into the chain theatre business on a large scale. Instead of confining their efforts to making pictures, as they had done in the past, all the big companies began

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feverishly competing with each other in buying up all the theatres they could, and in building new houses where none could be bought.

A second factor was the circumstance that the movies picked this moment to dump upon the country an unusually poor batch of pictures. The talkies were new and the producers unsure of the technique. A series of surprisingly bad musical films was followed by a spasm of equally bad prison and gangster films and merely offensive sex pictures. There were exceptions, such as *All Quiet on the Western Front*, *Disraeli*, and *Anna Christie*, but the run of films sank to unprecedented low levels. Even the habitual movie-going public began to express its ennui by shunning the box office.

The advent of speech also raised a linguistic difficulty which spoiled the foreign market as a profitable adjunct to the American film market, and obliged American producers to limit their efforts largely to the English speaking world.

The cruel effects of these three factors were accentuated by wasteful administrative practices which only a strong current of prosperity, such as the industry had hitherto enjoyed, could support. There is no space here for a detailed recital of those practices, picturesque as many of them were, incredible as many of them would seem to the average layman. Incredible, that an industry could be run that way and still prosper, as the moving picture industry certainly did, and incredible that a group of business men, out to make money, would continually tolerate such folly. I am not referring to the enormous salaries (sometimes of half a million dollars a year) paid to "stars." While exorbitant, there was some defense for these figures in the strong box office pull of a "name." I refer to large expenditures of money due to repeated errors of judgment on the part of studio executives and owners, errors springing from sheer lack of understanding of the product which was being handled and repeated errors in simple business judgment.

Some of the incidents in *Once in a Lifetime*, the stage farce which caricatured Hollywood, were not as exaggerated as the playwright would have us believe. In the making of *Ben Hur*, the producers "junked" a miniature arena that cost $250,000, and, leaving the toy in Italy, returned to America and built a duplicate at the cost of another $300,000. Yet despite that misadventure, *Ben Hur* brought in $10,000,000 net! Celebrated authors were brought to Hollywood and paid from a thousand up a week for many months for coming to the studios once in a while and writing not a line of copy. A journalistic colleague of mine, who knew international affairs but had never written a page of fiction in his life, was kept on a studio payroll at $1,000 a week for ten months, and finally discharged without any of his stories being used. Scores of stories have been bought for prices ranging from $5,000 to $50,000 and never produced.

Production policies were not infrequently reversed several times during a year, the decisions being based on mere guesses or the advice of counselors who might have some selfish interest involved. If one thing failed, why not try the opposite and

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see if it worked? Part of these changes, of course, sprang from the nature of the show business, which thrives upon changing public whims; part of it from ignorance of dramatic values or inability to distinguish between stories. To many a producer, one story looked much like another.

THIS condition was able to persist because of the fact that the studio owners enjoyed practically a world monopoly of a product that was very much in demand. From the viewpoint of a serious artist, it was heart-breaking, of course. The wonder was that under such conditions any good pictures were produced at all. For from the mêlée, a few pictures that were very good indeed certainly came. And, it is interesting to note that these good pictures usually were box office magnets.

When, however, the talkies killed the foreign market, and the depression plus the theatrical expansion weakened the structure of the movie world, the whole edifice commenced to give way and it became imperative either to clean house or move out.

How permanent or thorough the present house-cleaning will be remains to be seen. Certain it is that many administrative departments of the movie domain are being fumigated thoroughly, and reorganized — a process that is far from painless. In some respects, the undertaking will meet with very real resistance, due to the necessary element of elasticity in studio routine. When all is said, "pictures is pictures." Inherently the making of pictures is primarily an artistic and not a manufacturing process. A functioning studio can not be fully standardized like a boiler factory. In artistic creation, quality is the determining factor. A play or piece of music written in a short time may excel a piece of work that requires a long period for creation, or vice versa. It is not possible to create artistic ideas to the rhythm of the time clock — as some of the new "efficiency experts" have sometimes thought. But it is possible to remove many studio conditions that have caused great wastage of money and to eliminate other features that have made life almost intolerable for real artists on moving picture lots.

From the viewpoint of craftsmanship, the technique of the screen is now beginning to take on the more stable outlines of an established art. The talking screen has been experimented with and tried out. Its adaptability to certain forms of entertainment has been demonstrated, as well as its lack of adaptability to others, notably musical comedy. The frantic outburst of chattering which characterized the earlier talking pictures has given way to a soberer blending of speech and action. Generally speaking, the pendulum has come to rest at a point much nearer the art of the silent screen. The picture industry has learned that no matter how much talk you put on a screen, it remains a screen and primarily a visual medium. Although the present trend is to reduce dialogue, there is no thought of a return to the silents. The talkies are definitely here to stay.

As I have browsed among the

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studios the last few months, I have found a noticeable revival of interest in so-called good pictures. There is a growing feeling in moviedom that the industry not only must mend its ways in a business sense but also improve its artistic output.

It is probable that the picture industry will recuperate more rapidly than any other American industry. The moving picture world has no invoice problem, no overproduction bugaboo. It looks out upon a market in which there is an actual shortage of exhibitable films, due to the general paralysis of production. And despite all, people still go to the movies and there are many thousands of picture theatres in America; all these houses must have films.

Penury

"There are many words that may not be spoken by men who wear shabby cloaks." Juvenal.

By Virginia Stait

And some are mine; strange words that make desire,
For I may speak when I bare-footed tread;
You understand a fagot for my fire,
Such penury makes words that may be said!
Of hunger I may speak, of bone and crust,
The naked words of beggars, of defeat,
As tomb words are the ashes and the dust,
Or as a love has finished the word sweet.

But other things — some day-hurt through the years,
That keeps me destitute, as yesterday, dead —
I may not name, but in slow, reddened tears
On which my heart has famined, where it bled.
Oh I may speak of hovels, but the rose,
It is a festal thing I may not touch
With beggar lips, that should forever close
Against the pillage of a word too much.

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Hamtramck vs. Ford

By Murray Godwin

A Polish-American Retrospect

In my younger days I never felt at ease drinking in a Polish saloon. An alien character seemed to pervade the place, even to the bar and fixtures, though these were of the standard type issued by one of the two breweries in town. The Polish saloons got the breaks, too, from our small, select crowd. They lay a good mile from where we started our tours, and hence we arrived at them in a mood which accepted Walt Whitman's easy gregariousness as commonplace. We might start in, for example, at Schumacher's, where congenitally indignant Germans applied themselves to dominoes, limburger, and "*Ei Du Schöne*" among the beer-blossoms; stray on to Joe Connolly's, where the "Harp That Once" was restrung often and with emotion, smiles shining through tears behind which exact reckoning proved frequently impossible; cross the railroad tracks to chin with Giovanni Palmero, over spaghetti and a touch of Amaro Siciliano, at the Colombo Café; and only then, full up with tag-ends of alien tongues and love for all nations, would we take off on our half-mile-farther trek to the Café Dombrowski, from which surly sibilants shouted night-long at the oil-tank-studded hills that formed the natural north limits of the town. Yet the strangeness would not banish.

Nor did I feel at ease in the town's Polish church — convenient as that institution was. The Irish pastor of St. Luke's, the other north-end church, had grown grumpy with gout and righteousness, and as the years went by had become progressively more strict in matters of money and morals. Whereupon his parishioners, being Irish themselves in large part, began to drift in increasing numbers to the church of St. Albertus and Father Wojek, who had won his post as a compromise candidate when his predecessor had been hauled bodily from the altar by a parish faction, forcing the bishop to intervene. Here the separatists of St. Luke's might hear mass as efficaciously as at their own church, and might doze through sermons which, however strangely they struck upon the ear, would never blister the Celtic north-end soul; leaving the pastor of St. Luke's to worry over ways and means of reading his Polish competitor out of the Universal Church.

Vastly stimulated, perhaps, by the appearance of quarter-dollars in his collection box, Father Wojek fol-

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lowed up his advantage by setting the hour for high mass ahead until there was not a hangover in town that could prevent its bearer from reaching St. Albertus before the consecration. The Saturday-night rounders were not long in responding to the new facilities for maintaining their credit rating on the books of eternity, nor were they backward in showing their appreciation when the box came their way. But though grateful with the rest, I did not feel at ease in a pew at St. Albertus. The cadence of the choir, the manner of the priest, the inscriptions and designs on the banners that seemed planted in confusion everywhere, all were oddly alien to me.

When the Poles came to the north end they were like the sea creeping its way into a coastline. The time had something to do with it. Aspiring Irish of the second generation were rolling down their sleeves, donning professional garbs and manners, and moving uptown. Those who remained had their eyes turned in the same direction. Almost without being noticed, the Poles moved in and established themselves. Polish institutions appeared — saloons, shops, a church, a convent, a school. Polish speech began to be mimicked. A mythical Polish reputation got abroad — a reputation for unsanitariness, hard drinking and domestic brutality rivaling that of the Irish in their immigrant days.

The Poles took up the dirty work — though some of them were employed at jobs requiring rare mechanical skill — that the Irish were letting go, so there was little competition for subsistence between the elements of the changing north end. Social segregation was broken down gradually and for the most part peacefully. There was but one major conflict, so far as I know.

That one took place in a Polish saloon, where the Irish were not above drinking when in the mood for fun. I think it was one of the seven brothers O'Brien who opened the ball by knocking a large Polish man kicking, bouncing a stein rudely off his occiput. In a few minutes the fight was general, reinforcements plenty, and division on strictly national grounds. It was a quarter-hour before the police arrived in the person of Jack McAuliffe, originally a north-ender, now chief of the city force, in whose blithe welterweight frame were contained the contentious capacities of a dozen wildcats from the best stock of the fabled Allegheny plateau. Mr. McAuliffe selected a vital hot spot in the cluster of mayhem — he had an unerring instinct in such matters — and went through the scrum like a well-oiled cyclone, cold-cocking combatants in abandon. Within eight more minutes the dust was settling on a field of quiescent casualties, and only then was it noted that the long arm of the law had brought both peace to the contestants and victory to the Celts.

Detroit, after the War, proved a place where one could hardly circulate to any extent and at the same time remain unfamiliar with the Poles. Hamtramck, a municipality within the city limits, alone held more Poles than did Warsaw; and the motor city proper had great areas almost solidly Polish in character on both its east and west sides. I found myself associated with Polish

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people in my work, and presently I found myself marrying the daughter of a Polish immigrant. We settled down to live in rooms found for us by my father-in-law in the east side Polish area. It was then that I began to note some of the outstanding features that distinguished this branch of the Slavs and their life and ways from the rest of the town.

A block west of our quarters spread an open square, or rather rectangle, perhaps fifty by a hundred yards in extent. Small business places bordered it on the east, facing the district's principal thoroughfare, and on the west were frame houses, garages and an insignificant shop or two. Twice weekly to this expanse and to the street edging it on the south came the carts and trucks of hucksters, the trucks and wagons of farmers, and a day of ware-crying and bickering began.

Live fowls, vegetables, fruits, flowers, textiles, toys and gimcracks of all sorts were available at this market. Among the stalls and stands moved the women of the neighborhood, carrying bags or baskets, wearing, instead of ordinary headgear, either kerchiefs or shawls. They slanged the hucksters with raucous Slavic abandon and talked in shouts with the farmers and their women, punctuating their converse with laughter uncontrolled. As the day wore on a few men appeared, carrying burdens and leading children in the wake of the womenfolk, but bargaining was strictly in the hands of the latter.

Viewing the scene from the south one saw beyond the busy market a line of maples bordering the next cross-street, through which frame houses vaguely appeared. Above the line of roofs, as the natural central point in the composition, rose the typical belfry and dome of a Polish church. One had but to place one's camera here and the resulting print would betray only to the expert the fact that the picture had not been taken in a Polish city.

Across the street on the southeast was the nearest of several drugstores (*apteki*), operated by a Polish-speaking man of German descent. More typical of the district were other *apteki* where leeches were kept in jars prominently placed on front showcases. And more typical still were bare little shops where only medicinal herbs, picked, cleaned and dried, were displayed on squares of paper.

Some blocks to the south, on the most prominent corner in the district, was a veritable stronghold of the healing arts. It was a large, ground-floor establishment, with show windows on two sides, in the upper frames of which were lists of ailments, ranging from eczema to infinity, that the therapeutic genius of the place felt confident of curing. Included also were medallions and seals symbolizing the prodigious learning of the proprietor. The place was palpably fakey and did a large business among the tenaciously peasant-like old-country folk, who formed not less than a third of the total population of the area. To their ranks one might safely add a fair proportion of the American-born populace, whose environment was so saturated with the old peasant culture that, for all practical purposes, they were immigrants and nothing more.

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Another indication of the credulous character of the neighborhood was the infiltration of gypsy families as winter approached. Empty shops along the principal business street were taken over by these people, who flourished gaudily and dirtily behind cracked curtains painted with representations of human craniums and palms.

SUNDAYS, when times were good with us, we used to dine at the Restauracya Krakowa. The proprietor was a frayed *panek* of cheerful, unwittingly comic type, well if carelessly stuffed about the belt and happily tolerant of his own good looks. These depended chiefly upon small, boarish eyes of indeterminate color, with a mauve snout to match, a square, puffy face, and a thin scalp-lock raked back to conceal a growing baldness of crown, together with a mustache, inflated and dyed in pre-War bartender style. Their complacent possessor stood well back on his heels, with his chin well in and his neck bulged at the rear, surveying the world with the air of one who has been successful in both love and war and who is content no less with his prospects than with his memories.

One might start a meal at the Krakowa with a soup of duckblood, kraut, beets, mushrooms, barley, or *szcaw* — a near-relative of spinach whose English name I do not know — and, considering the merely medium class style of the place, the array of dishes from which one might choose was quite astonishing. I remember particularly roast goose and tripe, not only because they were invariably on the bill of fare but also because they were invariably spelled "roast gus" and "triaps," respectively, on the obverse, English, side of the menu. But there were, besides, rabbit, chicken, duck, beef, lamb, sausages (*kiełbasa*, *serdelki*) — roasts, steaks, chops, ribs, hearts, livers — boiled meats, chopped meats, breaded meats, meats with mushrooms (Polish grown, dried, bought by the string), stuffed meats, and a variety of special meat dishes, including *wiener schnitzel;* not to speak of egg and vegetable dishes (spinach with eggs, for example) and potato pancakes with sour cream. One ended up with pastry and tea — coffee unbearable — in a glass, with lemon on the side. The duckblood soup, by the way, was remarkable for the prunes and sugared pears one found floating, incongruously at first, in its burnt-brown surface.

An overlay of time's faded sepia lent a merciful mellowness to frescoes which once had rendered the walls hideous to look upon. Sooner or later one's order arrived. Meanwhile one was regaled, not too loudly, with such compositions as Waldteufel's *Skaters* on an electrical phonograph. The waitresses were rarely overcallous. On the whole, a very passable place.

The only distinctive features of the *grocernie* were the strings of dried Polish mushrooms, which we found cheaper than the canned variety and much better in taste. The bakeries were far more in character. One could not but pause to look at the amazing architecture of the wedding cakes in the windows, the layer cakes with honey, the variously shaped cakes with cheese, the cakes with caraway and poppy seeds, the pastries, the

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bread of many hues and hefts, forms and sizes — every loaf of it, I should guess, regardless of form or hue, more tasteful and nourishing by far than the wind-cushions of pulp blown up by our native super-bakeries for our significantly characterless consumption. May one judge a people by its bread? Or by its attitude toward its bread? . . . In Polish homes it was an unheard-of thing to throw the smallest, most uneatable crust into the garbage; bread in no case was destroyed except by fire, and little ever was left for destruction, irrespective of the state of the family finances, in the Polish homes I knew.

More frequently found in the neighborhood than the butcher shop — an undistinguished institution — was the *skład wędlin* (pronounced something like *skwad vaindlin*), or preserved meat store. Here one found boned chops, jewelled with cloves, savorily cooked, and bundled in cages of twine; pickled meats, salt meats, smoked meats; and most of all, sausages — salami; sweet, finely seasoned *kiełbasa*, and *serdelki*, beside which, for all-round gastric and olfactory merit, few sausages are fit to hang. One liked the *skład wędlin* for its fresh cleanliness and neatness, its cheery plenitude of garnished meats, and its personnel of white-clothed, laughing girls for which the place had a seeming affinity.

THE photo studios featured weddings and first communions. The floral shops featured pieces grandly designed for weddings or funerals. And then there were the *ksiegarnie* (bookshops), which in accordance with their name should have featured stocks mainly of printed matter, but which in fact featured a most astounding miscellany, including rococo clocks, patent medicines got up especially for the Polish trade, and squirt guns, with a very considerable array of books on the side.

I used to stand lost in uncertain reverie before one of the show windows of a shop of this kind, musing over a chaotic clutter of objects as madly assorted as though they had been gathered by a tornado.

Here one saw plaster saints and virgins, painted in a blare of nakedly contrasting colors, and between and among them appeared books by Boccaccio, Jack London, Rosny, Balzac and Paul de Kock. There were rosaries, books of devotion, medals, scapulars, votive lights, and pious mottoes, and there were figurines of peasants and nude females, dolls and toys, communist hymnals, broad-gauge comic weeklies, almanacs with colored covers showing gay girls in scant lingerie voraciously pursued by geese that gobbled at their plump unclothed behinds, and assorted domestic bric-a-brac. In the background were suspended cinema and "art-student" magazines among lithographs of Polish heroes and public men, and cards of pencils, safety-razor blades, and a variety of gimcracks including trick matches and rubber cigars. In the foreground, a row of books — Chekov, De Maupassant, Conrad, Gautier, Dostoievski, Gumplowitz, Miczkiewicz; works on mathematics, biology, philosophy, and astronomy — in paper bindings. Framing the dizzy agglomeration one saw suspended strings of comic colored postcards, in which the

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favorite themes were drunkenness, adultery and domestic violence.

Within the shop were counters piled with heaps of books and other counters piled with toys. Publications and gimcracks were suspended from strings above the side counters. At one side was a tobacco counter, with a variety of smoking equipment, including cigarette tubes and stuffers, with mild, tangled tobacco for filling. Another counter was devoted to an exhausting display of souvenirs, hideous table lamps, and drunkenly designed and colored fancy clocks. Perhaps a soda fountain occupied the rear of the place, and there might be a counter section given up to phonographic records of a peculiarly strident sort. It was as if stock chosen at random from a large department store had been installed in a single room. I hesitate to believe that any one ever succeeded in taking an inventory of one of these catch-alls, and at first blush it seemed impossible that the customers of a single shop could have included purchasers for such an amazing range of goods.

But there is some ground for believing that many Poles of common stock have an alien quirk which prevents their discerning the sharp difference between what is highbrow and what is lowbrow — something that is almost an instinct with the general run of American business men. I began to suspect this when I found a Polish cobbler reading, in *Głosz Robotniczy* (*Voice of the Workers*, a proletarian sheet), a current instalment of Anatole France's *Revolt of the Angels*. Apparently he was not aware that he was venturing beyond his depth, for he seemed to enjoy the story immensely; and probably his lack of discrimination, American style, hid from him the incongruity involved in purchasing the classics, his tobacco, and toys for the children at the same hole-in-the-wall. No doubt the younger generation of Poles is learning to correct this unfortunate old-country outlook, and is adding a yearning for tabloid culture exclusively to its taste for cabbage soup. Meanwhile, by hook or crook, enough of the old folks survive to encourage the *ksiegarnie* to stock Turgenev and Tolstoy along with corn cures, fruit sirup, and chromos of the saints.

THE typical confectioneries of the Polish district stocked fewer notions than the *ksiegarnie*, and no literature at all. But by way of making up for it they carried a stock of liquor ranging from no-good white mule to very good Walker's Rye and Hennessey's Brandy, with Canadian beer by the bottle. Perhaps, moreover, the rear room of one of these establishments would contain a quarter-size slot machine, which, practically speaking, constituted the only illegal goods in the place. The police would raid a place for a slot machine, pausing in process for a sociable drink of liquor, but leaving the stock unconfiscated.

The same was true of the saloons, which one could hardly call speakeasies since there was nothing concealed about them. They peddled liquor openly across bars in full view of the street, but hid their slot machines carefully lest they be refused licenses for the year following on the ground that they were known flouters of the law.

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Perhaps this brings us to the liquor question, which in the Polish area was no more a question than the saloon was a speakeasy or — to employ the less elegant Detroit term — blind pig. I can not say positively how much liquor or how many stills the district averaged per block. But I am sure that in one block I knew, which was a block of substantial frame houses, shade trees, and family cars — a block of home owners with some means — there was not a residence without its stock of liquor, and at least three places were engaged in manufacture, while perhaps twice as many dealt in liquor on the side. Lawns to the fore, flower gardens at the rear, and liquor in the cellar — that was the rule; and some places had liquor in the attic as well.

On the main business street things were even better. In a single block I noted an open saloon, a beer bar, a home brew supplies store, and two confectioneries which a blind man would have recognized instantly as liquor shops by the smell. It was a short block, too. At its south end stood an empty building with a Federal notice on the door — the only structure thus discriminated against in the district, apparently.

My favorite hang-out was Jan Barski's, a few blocks from our quarters. The show window and back bar of Jan's place were ornamented with stuffed and mounted animals, among them a deer and some squirrels, which the proprietor had brought down in the Michigan woods. Over the door leading to the rear room hung a Polar bear emblem, insignia of the Michigan infantry brigade sent to Archangel by the lamented Woodrow Wilson. The wall decorations consisted mainly of two hilarious Negro hunting scenes, in color, slapstick take-offs on the type of picture done by A. B. Frost in his younger days. In a high, ponderous coal stove Jan Barski's assistant kept a fire that might have furnished steam for a fair-sized turbine.

A homey place, dominated by a man of spirit, fine instincts and good looks. Jan was a stocky fellow with keen, black eyes and dark curly hair, broad and square of face, genial in complexion and manner, and delicately firm about the jaw and chin. His solid, friendly ways brought the custom of many people from outside the district — a burly, likable doctor; a couple of attorneys in the municipal service; and business men from downtown, who on occasion brought their families with them, children and all. With the children Jan was immediately popular; it was a chill, snobbish and indeed entirely superfluous soul that could not warm to the man.

When the deer season came on the saloon was sweet with the odor of cooking venison, which Jan made into stew on a hotplate in the rear room and served with an open heart to his regular patrons. Another time it would be muskrat stew, a traditional festal food for hunters in the Lakes area, but seldom served since Federal law had ruined the resorts along the rural water front. Jan, I remember, used to feed me as much venison stew as my skin could hold, and afterward would insist on my taking a jar home to the family. His skill in woods cookery was a boon to his friends, who brought him hams to prepare for

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them on special occasions. These he coated with dough and baked, turning them over intact in their rich browned crust to their owners.

Like most Polish men of the district, whether immigrant or American born, Jan was a joiner. One Sunday I was loafing disconsolately in his place; my family had gone on a vacation and I felt lost without them. Noting my dejection, Jan suggested that I accompany him on a small outside job that afternoon. A sports association connected with one of his lodges was having a season's end party, and as a member he had been given the beer concession. He would take two kegs over in the flivver sedan and would need help; would I go along?

I helped Jan roll the kegs up from the cellar and took a casual look around outside, while Jan waited within the high board fence that shielded the back yard. No coppers were in sight. Jan gave his assistant the high-sign and the kegs came rolling out in relay. In a minute or two we had them in the sedan, one of them taking the place of the front passenger seat, both covered with a blanket. I sat on the forward keg and we were on our way.

We chugged through the streets for half a mile or so and came to a halt beside the grounds bordering one of the largest, most venerable churches in town. "What, here?" I asked. "Sure," Jan said. "Our lodge is a Catholic outfit, you know. So we always hold our meetings in St. So-and-so's."

We rolled the kegs across a yard which, I calculated, must have been two acres in extent, and which fronted on a business street. Willing hands awaited them at the foot of the basement steps. I went back and brought up the pump, and shortly we set up an emergency thirst relief station in a room already occupied by a wizen person in chef's cap and apron, who was basting a large roast of beef resting on an electric hotplate. The wire was too short to reach a table, so the ingenious cook had mounted the hotplate on a precarious structure of boxes and chairs extending nearly to the ceiling, and was tending his roast from a structure similar in composition. We had a waiting list of hardly less than two hundred thirsty Polish men.

I relayed the beer in alternate pitchers to Jan, and he poured the foaming stuff into steins in the hands of the thirsty. It was first-rate Canadian malt liquor. Time after time we made the rounds, and with each round the multitude of the elect got more talkative and hilarious. Meanwhile a little group of sober, serious persons in rather stiff manners and clothes gathered portentously on a small platform. Presently a lugubriously severe *panek*, an *adwokat* by trade, tall, cold and frowning, raised his voice and disparagingly suggested that Jan cease his serving until the officials had concluded their talks.

Jan paused until the *panek's* attention was again completely absorbed by his splendid self, and then, responding to the plea of outheld steins, continued his round of mercy. I supported him.

Another quarter-hour passed pleasantly, with roast-beef sandwiches appearing in force to supplement the beer, and with a waiting line

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forming at the door of the retiring room. When the first official speech went on the air, I doubt that there was an atom of gloom or gravity in the gathering, saving atop the dry eminence where the spoilsports with scowling anguish rehearsed their depressing homilies. Without disturbing the rhythm of his serving arm, Jan had managed to put away half a dozen steins, and I had taken a commission in kind of at least as many.

You can not quell a speechmaker unless you execute him summarily, so the speeches were made. But they had no chance. The words spoken from the platform were the only meaningless noises in the room. Every one seemed able to gain a responsive, sympathetic audience except the orators who had selected themselves for the task of explaining what the meeting was about. We were well into the second keg of brew before the speaking had finished, and the chef was passing out the second roast of beef. Seldom have I spent an afternoon anywhere so replete with pleasant duties, so utterly lacking in any aftermath of regret; and certainly I have never spent such another afternoon in a church.

Like many a man of true, generous instincts, Jan Barski ran into misfortunes that lost him his place some time before I moved from the district. As, probably through gaming, he began to lose control, the quality of the beer worsened, and finally Canadian beer could be had by the patrons only when no less palatable stuff could be bought by the new partner in Barski's place. More and more the custom became limited to careless habitués, including beer truckers, rum runners, and downright vagrants and hangers-on. Finally the doors were closed by a Federal raid.

On St. Stephen's day — January 2 — friendly neighbors pelted each other with grain. The gesture, surely, was appropriate to the day's Christian significance; whether the material thrown referred back to some pagan symbolism, resembling that of the rice flung at a wedding, I can not say.

Late on the afternoon of Holy Saturday the churches filled with people carrying baskets of food — sausages, eggs, butter, salt and bread — to be blessed for breakfast on Easter Day. Easter was celebrated grandly at church. The next day, beginning at dawn, a peculiar ceremony was carried out everywhere in the district. Men and boys armed with switches cut from saplings invaded the homes of neighbors who had unmarried daughters living with them. Up the stairs they went, and into the chambers occupied by the girls, hoping to catch the latter in bed and there to exercise the day's privilege of applying the ceremonial rod to their lightly clothed forms. Refreshments were set out for these friendly flogging parties, and the affair was carried off gaily, with much laughter and shouting but with little smart. For the rest of the day parties of male youngsters patrolled the streets, switching the girls they met or exacting tribute in pennies for desisting.

Where this custom derives from I do not know. No Pole I asked was able to tell me. It may be an admoni-

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tion to the unwed female of the species, to the effect that, though Lent is past, she must watch her conduct no less strictly than before. The attitude of immigrant Poles toward their unmarried daughters gives some plausibility to this guess. But no one seems to know for certain, and indeed no one in the district in our time appeared to ponder the matter at all; and the custom survived the more lustily, perhaps, because it lacked even the shadow of a rational excuse.

Baptisms, marriages and deaths were elaborately celebrated in the Polish district, as in any district where peasant traditions are strong. It was the custom to hire a hall for wedding celebrations. Food and liquor were served in quantity, and expenses were balanced, more or less, by contributions from those who danced with the bride.

Birthdays were noticed seriously only by the younger generation, who were beginning to take to American ways. The name-days of men of the older generation were celebrated, however, with rousing parties and serenades by brass bands. I remember having heard Polish women remark the occurrence of *their* name-days, too, but I do not recollect that any one else considered the matter of any account. Perhaps, if their husbands happened to note it, they advised the women to go to mass and pray for continued health, virtue and perseverance in their duties, so that their service to the family might go on without the men's having to bother their heads about it; but this is mere speculation.

(Next month there will be another article by Mr. Godwin on the customs of Polish-Americans.)

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The Search Goes On

By Dayton Kohler

The new standards so diligently sought by our younger generation are still elusive

The National Conference of Young Republicans, held in Washington last June, threw some new light upon the much-discussed younger generation. At the convention Senator Simeon D. Fess, chairman of the Republican National Committee, attempted to clear the way for the 1932 presidential campaign by his careful analysis of party doctrines and current issues. Meanwhile Democratic party leaders have been active in their appeals to the young voter. The situation is plain. Both parties are aware of the fact that by November, 1932, approximately 8,000,000 young citizens of the Republic will be eligible to cast their first votes for President. The concern of Republican and Democratic leaders who attempt to bring new party members into their respective camps reveals two things: the younger generation has grown up, and politicians are anxious to come to terms with that portion of public opinion which it represents.

What does the younger generation believe? I am speaking now of the generation in which I happened to be born, men and women over twenty and under thirty, who reached their majority during a time of restlessness and transition following the War. Because we grew up in a period of post-War prosperity and inflated values, most of us have learned to live beyond our normal incomes. We were in college when the educational barriers were down and true scholarship was not requisite to a degree. We have been thrust into life at a time of economic depression and social unrest; and we stand, poorly trained and equipped, at the beginning of a decade that holds little guarantee for the future.

By accident of birth we occupy a mid-point between the old and the new. We belong definitely to that generation which started toward maturity without a working plan for the future, and we are the last with even dim recollections of life before the War. But we can look forward as well as backward, for we are the first who face life unhampered by the traditions and spirit of the past. On the credit side of the ledger we begin at a point where our immediate predecessors were torn between rebellion and indecision. We regard the surface aspects of our

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civilization — automobiles, jazz, the radio, sex freedom, machinery — with casual familiarity, because we grew up wholly unconscious of the changing world that amazed and perplexed our elders. The career of John Reed, *The New Masses*, Sherwood Anderson's protests against an industrialized society, Will Durant's spiritual agonies, Mr. Cabell's retreat into his ivory tower — these indicative phenomena of the 'Twenties seem almost meaningless to us today. We are the children of a scientific age that has only begun to estimate its possibilities and limitations; our main problem is not one of readjustment but of reconstruction.

We do not hope, however, to see any lasting improvement effected by political legislation, and for that reason we shall be slow to accept overtures of either party that bids only for our good will. In college we studied enough history and related social sciences to learn that laws serve their purpose only when people wish to obey them. Our own time provides no better example than the mass legislation which resulted in the Eighteenth Amendment, changing a cause for social improvement into an undignified legal experiment.

The younger generation is not yet politically conscious. In this respect we are no different from the average American citizen, who, lacking the excitement of campaign journalism, is content to praise or blame the party in power, and to reflect gloomily that all politics are doubtlessly corrupt and his single vote will not serve to set matters right.

Professor Harold J. Laski pointed out the fact that American undergraduates as a group maintain an attitude of indifference toward national events and personalities of the day, in sharp contrast to European university men whose interest in all political affairs makes politics their outstanding non-academic activity. This indifference shown by American students and those a few years out of college may be explained as a point of view peculiarly American. Our remoteness from political affairs is not evidence of sophomoric conviction; it is the result of a critical tradition common to most Americans whose study of social sciences has not produced an individual feeling of responsibility for the success or failure of political issues. Since the time of the Civil War, also, political life has not offered a reputable career to the college man. For the beginner, its rewards are small and its associations, in the popular mind, are scarcely honorable. A political career, unless one has sufficient wealth or influence to enter diplomatic service, is an added activity in which the lawyer, the editor, the doctor or the bootlegger may engage for profit or amusement. We have been filled with stories of governmental corruption; during our own lives we have seen the elevation of the gangster to civic control, the Teapot Dome exposure and the grafting policy in Pennsylvania.

Perhaps our lack of interest has saved us from the active practice of socialism; we do not hope, as many of our predecessors did, for revolution and the red flag. We distrust the political interests of Wall Street and the bootlegger, without believing that communism could

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cure our social ills. Most of us would confess to socialistic sympathies, but in our minds we identify the socialist with the independent voter. We are still too close to the spirit of the frontier to believe in mass reaction rather than individual expansion.

A young economist assures me that science will bring about a revival of interest in national politics. Certainly the current business depression will focus our attention more sharply upon the economic factors of the next presidential campaign. More significant, I believe, is the fact that the radio has taken the political audience from the convention hall into the private home. The voice of the unseen speaker allows us to concentrate upon the text rather than upon the method of delivery. Oratorical persuasion can now be balanced by reason and judgment removed from the influence of mob spirit.

PERHAPS, also, we have little time for political speculation because our immediate attention is directed toward means of making a living; a seeming paradox, for we were the young rebels who formerly protested against industry and the low spirit of commercialism. But the situation which faces us in 1932 has changed considerably since 1920. Those who fled to the less business-tainted air of Parisian cafés and Chelsea lodgings are coming back now to face the music. The days of easy wages and quick spending have ended, temporarily, at least. An inflated credit system and the careless optimism of more prosperous years have led the nation into depression. Because we believe that economic stability is the basis of social order, we are willing to go to work.

During our twenties we have acquired a sense of responsibility from which we can not escape. It is safe to assume that this feeling overtakes the average American within five years after his graduation from college. In the case of the younger generation this process of settling down to serious work has been hastened by the bogey of unemployment, complicated in many cases by a wife and a child or two. We can no longer feel that good jobs, jobs of any sort, may be found easily, and those of us who have acquired families in the meantime must consider the well-being of others. The average wage for the man two or three years out of college has been estimated at $2,000 a year. Even today, when prices are lower than at any time since the War, this amount must be carefully budgeted if the young worker is not to fall into the common error of past years by an attempt to live beyond his earning capacity. We have earned some money, but we want to earn more in order to provide for the future.

We accepted our first jobs, shortly after graduation from college, with little consideration of their permanency. We wanted to write, and so we went into newspaper offices or took a temporary teaching position. We began the study of law or medicine because we wanted a dignified professional career. We went into laboratories and engineering camps because we saw in that apprenticeship a stepping stone to positions of authority in the scientific

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world. Most of us, however, went into business because it offered the quickest returns for labor and the opportunity for retirement and leisure in middle life. Now we find that we have actually grown interested in the work we accepted so casually. We are interested in teaching and law and medicine; we enjoy the spirit of competition in modern business; we want to become good chemists and capable engineers.

The reason for this enthusiasm for life's practical concerns is a new sense of unlimited possibilities. We no longer feel that we have grown up in a world in which all work has been accomplished, all facts made known, all great works of art produced. The fear of science, which hung like a blight over an older generation, has been dissipated. We accept mechanistic science as only one phase of modern life, with no fears that man will be replaced by the machine. The activities of Jung and Whitehead in the abstract sciences demonstrate clearly that science can not hold the mind and spirit of man to material planes of existence, and the pessimism of Joseph Wood Krutch has been answered by a demand for law and order. In the field of art Joyce and Proust and Epstein show new forms of creative beauty.

Sex and religion, those dark shadows that haunted our college years, no longer bother us. The questions of sin and morality have become matters of personal conviction and we are content to let them remain so. We may have a normal, healthy interest in sex, but we do not pamper it into an obsession. Our generation will hardly produce a D. H. Lawrence or a James Branch Cabell. There is no longer any need to startle Mrs. Grundy, and our attitude of frankness has made us indifferent to the sly jests and droll humors which appeal to the neurotic and the very young. If all reports are correct, naked bathing parties were not confined exclusively to the young primitives of the 'Twenties; our early experiments with sex were probably no less naïve and no more depraved than those of our grandfathers.

The modern girl does not surprise us because she belongs to our own age. Perhaps we are romantics at heart. Science may teach us that love is a physiological function of the glands, but even science, in this fashion, affirms its existence.

Our generation represents an internal problem for the Church. We have been judged from the pulpit and have been found wanting in the faith which endures. The Church, which has helplessly watched the decline of its clerical influence through three generations, saw in our youthful indifference a final severing of all religious ties. It is true that we stopped worrying about the purely moral phase of religious experience when Freud and Jung released the Puritan inhibitions of our early years; until that time we had been taught to associate social conventions with the mysteries of religion. We have passed through a period of revolt against the Church as represented by its sectarian machinery and clerical inefficiency, a revolt no more remarkable today than in the days of Shelley and the dissenting Victorians, but we have

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not finished with religion. If there were nothing else, science at its farthest extreme would compel our belief. For science touches the unknown, and the unknown can be explained only in terms of religion.

Few men, however, attain any intensity of religious belief until they have passed the age of thirty. When the time comes, some of our generation will decide that they can live without religion, as men in other ages have determined. Others, like T. S. Eliot, will find life's explanation in the greater mystery. There are recurrent cycles of rationalized doubt and acceptance by faith in every age.

We would not be modern Americans if we were not interested in Prohibition. We oppose the Eighteenth Amendment on the ground that it represents tactless legislation; we hope for modification but do not expect its repeal. The corner saloon and the free lunch counter were delights unknown to our younger years. By the time we acquired a taste for liquor it had been taken into the home, where we drank in imitation of our elders. But the younger generation drinks less. I have associated with men in three colleges, and I know by experience that collegiate drinking has declined from the peak it reached in 1924 and 1925.

The spirit of the younger generation is nowhere more apparent than in our literature. We are the primitives of a scientific age, and our writers have returned to the spirit of the primitive. They are concerned with the simple, elemental modes and emotions of human life; love and courage and the candid facts of death. They state in simple prose the judgments and values of which we are certain. Their materials and manner are more indigenous to the spirit of contemporary American life than the photographic realist and satirical debunker who flourished during the past decade. For their achievements I point to the novels of Ernest Hemingway, the poetry of Archibald MacLeish and Malcolm Cowley, *The Time of Man* by Elizabeth Madox Roberts, *The Apple of the Eye* and *The Grandmothers* by Glenway Wescott, the plays of Paul Green and the short stories of Erskine Caldwell.

We believe that life justifies itself. We want a world of simple, positive values to set against the complexities of modern life. The years following the Armistice brought the collapse of a social system and a disintegration of ideas. From this surface confusion of social conduct new experiments are arising. Some will fail. But our destiny will not be fulfilled, we know, by the traditions of the Renaissance, an æsthetic of Greek philosophy, submission to the machine, or threats of revolution. The new Humanism collapsed suddenly because it could not solve the peculiar problems of the Twentieth Century. Our social conscience must be a more simple culture if it is to create a new order.

Meanwhile the search for standards goes on. Science has changed man's conception of the universe but the spirit has not been defeated. Perhaps we shall be no more successful than our predecessors in our conflict with a doubtful future. But at least we are not content to stand still and to accept the world as we found it.

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More Red Blood in Mother Goose

By Herbert L. Coggins

This is no time for enervating tendencies in the nursery

As any amateur prophet could predict, the spirit that from the dome of the Boston Library has been peeping over our shoulders as we read, will soon be busying itself with our nursery classics.

Long ago, as every child knows, the scissors of the censor snipped savagely at the already much harried wolf in "Little Red Riding Hood." To be given the part of a grandmother-eating villain is bad enough, but to be cut open and interrupted in the perfectly natural process of digestion is notably more unpleasant. Any dietitian will tell you that grandmothers require a fair portion of time. But as it is now, she is either regurgitated or brought to light by the impromptu Cæsarean operation of the woodman's axe, and made to go on living for an indefinite period of years. We may be sure that a grandmother who had to be fed in bed was a burden to her family, and we can see no real reason for re-introducing her — in a partially digested condition — into a world that had become reconciled to her demise.

But the moral danger of the new movement is more apparent in some of the other new versions. Note for instance the clumsy, meddling hands that laid hold of Tom the Piper's Son, who acquired a pig and was so successful in getting to his destination with it. In the newer version Tom is halted, the pig is piously snatched from him by the censor and we are informed that Tom

> . . . . picked a flower and away he run.
> The flower was sweet and Tom was neat,
> And he went smiling down the street.

No doubt there has been a gain from the olfactory standpoint. Granted too that there is a certain refinement in the newer Tom that was lacking in the prototype, who risked his reputation for something more substantial. But have we bettered the story for purposes of emulation, which after all is the high aim of reading? Disguise the action as we may by the word "picked" instead of stolen, the "away he run" implies that the flower was not what might be called a free gift from the owner with insured title.

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On count one — honesty — both piper's sons must be marked zero, but on count two — judgment — undoubtedly our highest gift, we must give the prize to the older Tom who looked life in the face and acted accordingly. It is not hard to defend the lad, who risked his reputation for a definite amount of ham and bacon for his overworked mother. And as it was before the days of Margaret Sanger, we may be sure there were other mouths to feed beside the self-reliant Tom's. In view of the needs of the situation, contrast this sturdy, provident go-getter with the namby-pamby, self-centred æsthete, whose sensuous soul is inflated by the snitching of a trifling blossom.

RIGHT here is where we must make a decision. Life is full of gaunt wolves in need of grandmothers for lunch, and Piper families with urges for suckling pigs. Shall we advocate instead a sniff of some trifling blossom and possible infection with hay fever or rose colds? For two thousand years we have been admonished not to palm off stones on those who ask for bread. Why then should we allow the compiler to trick our youth out of the substantial ideals that are visualized by savory slices of fried ham, and substitute a weed that has been seduced to grow in some one's garden?

It is better that we face things squarely in literature so that when life calls loudly for bread and ham, the mind will not be tempted to offer rocks and nosegays. The gap between the fairy story and real life is already too big. Let's not widen it for small feet to straddle.

All too often we are shown the tragic effect on men who in early life took their nursery precepts and ethical training too seriously. Men, who out of consideration for others gave up their seats in street cars, have been standing up ever since behind counters or at the kitchen sink, while their more practical brothers hold down the seats of the mighty. And those who seriously accepted the idea that the biggest piece of cake was the birthright of the guest, seem predestined to get the smaller part for eternity. The help-yourself restaurants are full of thwarted souls who try to munch dry sandwiches with the same gusto that their wiser brothers expend on tenderloin and terrapin. It is to salvage these, the victims of false teaching, that the heroic gesture of Tom is worthy of commemoration. It is our duty to see that such achievements along the line of our practical and really accepted ideals are celebrated as they should be.

A heroic figure in one of our courts of military honor illustrates the danger that lies beneath the present sentimental viewpoint. It is a statue of General Sheridan, mounted on a horse, waving a sword and turning defeat into victory. It is just after the historic ride "to save the day, from Winchester twenty miles away." As has been said, the name of the horse that did everything but the sword-waving and the historic profanity has not yet been carved on the statue. It is safe to say, the casual observer does not yet realize the danger in the ideals we are planting in the mind of the American youth — that of a high-priced man twenty miles away from his job at a

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critical moment. What employer, for instance, wants to hold out the thought to his salesmen, or sales manager for that matter, that it is possible to make a spectacular rush at the last moment and close an order in the face of other salesmen, who are on the job early and late? The business man depends on a man who is on the job, rather than one who can make an occasional burst of speed to a noisy triumph.

And since the American youth is more apt to be an applicant for employment than a general, how much better that he should be psychologized with our more homely precepts. How much more stimulating to the future salesman and provider would be a bronze figure of Tom, clad in overalls — to emphasize America's reverence for the poor boy who makes good — balanced in a masterly pose of action as he tears down the street with a squealing shote under one arm. And graven beneath, so that they will work into the minds of growing America — along with "I can not tell a lie," and "*E Pluribus Unum*," — should be the words "He Brought Home the Bacon." Compare the stirring moral effect of such a symbol with the futile line "picked a flower and away he run."

It is through the same finicky reasoning that the literary life of Marjorie Daw is endangered:

> See saw, Marjorie Daw,
> Sold her bed and lay on straw.
> Was not she a dirty slut,
> To sell her bed and lay in dirt?

We must agree to a certain extent with the reformer that some of Marjorie's habits were not to be recommended to all girls, but was she not after all anticipating the ideals of the present day? No fair-minded person would contend that of her own accord she chose to lay in dirt. She merely recognized the needs of the situation. Expenses were too high. There was too much tied up in inventory. She must get down the overhead. The bed was not producing, so it must go — an identical gesture with that of Henry Ford when he suddenly decides that old employes and certain departments are not producing and with one swish of the economy broom banishes a trainload of office equipment and leaves hundreds of clerks without even straw.

In the other stanza the gift of prophecy becomes more apparent:

> See saw, Marjorie Daw,
> Jenny shall have a new master.
> She shall have but a penny a day
> Because she can't work any faster.

A century-old spark of imagination that foretold the flat rate and piece work system. A penny a day! Think of it! And the production possible if such teachings were not betrayed by false union propaganda for higher wages — a Model A Ford could be sold for a dollar and twenty five cents F. O. B. Detroit; a Cadillac for seven dollars.

Another old favorite is getting the attention of humanitarians and the like:

> There was a little man,
> And he had a little gun,
> And bullets made of lead.
> He went to the brook
> And shot a little duck
> And shot it right through the head, head, head.

It is claimed that the ideal presented in emphasizing efficiency, is, as a whole, not one that should be

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entwined with the tender fancies of the growing child. On the other hand it is never too early to prepare the mind for the duties that lie ahead. As will be noted, the clever use of the roast duck motive unconsciously instils the desire to shoot to kill — an ideal that is often slighted in our kindergarten and primary grades. In the grammar and upper grades it is better taken care of. "Don't fire till you see the whites of their eyes," impresses the pupil with the value of accuracy in this matter. For practical supplementary reading, we recommend Roosevelt's delightful account of his own experience in the Cuban War. "Lieutenant Davis' First Sergeant, Clarence Gould, killed a Spaniard with his revolver. . . . At the same time I also shot one. Two Spaniards leaped from the trenches . . . not ten yards away. As they turned to run I closed in and fired twice, missing the first and killing the second. At the same time I did not know of Gould's exploit. I supposed my feat to be unique."

Some may object to the confession that one of the bullets missed the mark. On the other hand the honest candor of the admission is ennobling. Our youth will draw encouragement from the fact that an occasional failure of this kind should not prevent an otherwise conscientious man from advancement or even aspiring to the presidency.

The necessity for better training along this line is more apparent when the inside facts are known. The financial waste of our present marksmanship has reached unbelievable proportions. Although casting shame on advancing civilization, it is common knowledge that, in spite of our enlightened methods, it took five tons of lead to kill each soldier in the late War. As the dollars and cents waste was $20,000 per man killed, the menace of our inefficiency is apparent. Later experience suggests that we may be on the up-grade. R. W. Baldwin, president of the Marion Manufacturing Company, contends that since the War we have made progress. According to Mr. Baldwin, in the settlement of the Marion strike riots by the deputies, "Six were killed and a score wounded with less than five tons." Allowing for the fact that the targets were probably within a stone's throw, and so grouped as to make the task rather simple, we still justify a glow of pride in the knowledge that we are giving better service at home in these matters than the United Allies and the Central Powers were able to command.

JACK the Giant Killer naturally has not escaped the sentimental reformer. Such a stalwart, positive character is apt to unite his natural enemies among the weaker natures. "He threw a cord over the giants' heads and choked them. When they were black in the face he slid down the rope and stabbed them to the heart." Good, red-blooded, invigorating stuff this, and as it is likely to be read just about prayer time, it should leave the right impress, and counteract any of the enervating sentiments that may have crept into the evening ritual.

A little later the growing minds can be led through "The Charge of the Light Brigade" and "Hohen-Linden," and when the emotions have

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been properly seasoned they can be followed with the "bayonet instructions" published in the War Department's Regulations. "The point of the bayonet should be directed against the opponent's throat, especially in hand to hand fighting, so that the point will enter easily and make a fatal wound on entering a few inches. Other vulnerable and frequently exposed parts are the face, chest, lower abdomen and when the back is exposed, the kidneys."

The above, as you notice, deals only with the crude mechanics of the subject. For postgraduates the psychological aspect has been handled in a masterly way in the late War by Major Drexel Biddle, while teaching his classes to impale the sawdust dummies: "Stick 'em and grunt," he would admonish. "Let me see you snarl. Stick 'em and twist the steel in 'em until they scream. They're not dummies, they're enemies."

To answer those critics who claim that a lot of this technical education will be wasted in times of peace, there is no reason why the graduates could not fill useful places in the packing houses. Forestalling the objection that the bayonet training breeds carelessness of stroke that might ruin the finer cuts of beef and mutton, we would say that this is not insurmountable. A little instruction would impress the employes with the comparatively greater value of animal flesh. In addition to this, the slaughter house develops a finer standard of appreciation that would abhor this waste.

In the little idyl of the Welsh Giant we have the sprightly lines:

Though here you lodge with me this night
You shall not see the morning light.
My club shall dash your brains out quite.

Some of those who have delved into the foregoing and have analyzed it at length, contend that the visual image brought up is merely amusing and does not necessarily unfold the better nature of the young child. Here again the sentimentalist attempts to lead the child into a make-believe and dangerous world. What better mind preparation could we have for such a type of public service as performed by J. J. Lyster in charge of the coal and iron police employed by the Pittsburgh Coal Company in his work with the striking miners. Said Dr. J. M. Patterson at the trial, reporting on the Lieutenant's masterly handling of the matter, "Lyster beat Barkoski with a strap, twisted his ear until he cried aloud and twisted his nose until he lapsed into unconsciousness." Another witness testified that Lyster beat him with an iron poker until it bent and then straightened it out and beat him again.

To prepare our youthful minds for tasks of this kind with such unrelated precepts as the Golden Rule, the Ten Commandments and other religious training is as criminally indifferent as sending infantry to the front with blank cartridges.

Even an innocuous individual like Little Jack Horner has been criticized. Some contend that the image of the little fat soul delving with a visibly fat thumb for sweetmeats, and praising himself withal, is not uplifting in a spiritual sense. Yet following Jack out into life, we see that the gift of success in abstracting plums from pies of unknown pos-

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sibilities might be just the training for the future head of a great oil monopoly or for a great investment banker. Many who were guided merely by the spiritual sense, would be blind to the plums that lay hidden in the Tea Pot Dome and the Elk Hills, or the Muscle Shoals properties. And as to Jack's childishly crude outburst of self-approval, we might believe that this tendency would perfect itself in maturity into much louder speaking bequests, foundations and keepsake dimes.

For those who personally dislike home-made approval and contend that the lines, "What a good boy am I," smack of hypocrisy, since any boy at that age knows he isn't, let us remember that after all the hypocrite is nothing but the first yearning to be something better and that there are a thousand years of progress between him and the honest unaffected brute.

Consider the unintentional poison that lurks in the lines about Big John Stout who dragged "pussy from the well" that little Johnny Green had carefully put her into. Imagine the trouble such an interfering impulse would make if allowed to grow. Picture under-sheriffs who intrudingly severed the rope in the midst of a hanging, or a sentimental officer who, during the War, went around and cut down the conscientious objectors resting on their toes and strung-up thumbs because they didn't recognize the loopholes in their early ethical training. Or imagine a fanatic who turned loose a firehose on the kindling that had been carefully gathered about a Southern Negro to save him the expense of a trial by his peers.

The real danger of the nursery censor is not only the possible spoilage from a literary standpoint, but also that he might prevent the filling in and rounding out of our reading to conform to the important ideals of life that have been overlooked.

"A book," says Dr. Johnson, "should help us either to enjoy life or to endure it." But it can do neither unless it helps us to adjust ourselves to whatever lies ahead. For the present we are weak in the preparation of the emotions for such tasks as foreclosing mortgages, selling watered securities and otherwise putting over successful deals. Some of the most masterful men often confess to those closest to them that today certain of these tasks are at times almost unpleasant. More than one penitentiary warden has told in private of unaccountable and disturbing mental reactions during executions, and over and over again we hear of militia men who, when called upon to quell a strike of their home town folk, have weakly and deliberately fired over the heads of the crowd.

It is just such impulses as these, if allowed to grow, that would shake even our firmest institutions. And if we may follow the wisdom of our great "General President," who prescribed and justified the slaughter of Indian babies on the theory that "nits make lice," then there is no more fitting place to weed out such enervating tendencies than in the nursery.

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THE LITERARY LANDSCAPE

by

HERSCHEL BRICKELL

ABROAD in the world, and therefore to be found discussed in books written by thinking people, are two opposing forces, which may be loosely defined as centrifugal and centripetal. Taking the future of the entire human race as a centre, the world has moved swiftly forward since the World War toward internationalism of thought and action. A brief but comprehensive story of this side of the situation may be found in *Progress in International Organization* by Manley O. Hudson (Stanford University Press, $1.50). The progress of this movement — whether good or bad the Landscaper hesitates to say, although he feels that it is at least logical in view of the tightening of the bonds that tie the destinies of all of us closer and closer as the years pass — has been rudely interrupted by the Great Depression, and temporarily, at least, we seem to be in the grip of definitely centrifugal forces; or, to put it another way, we seem to be entering the period of a New Nationalism. Many of the innumerable books that have been written by economists and others in the hope of pointing a "way out" for the United States have emphasized the possibilities of a new prosperity based entirely upon domestic consumption. "Buy British" is a motto that has gone round the world; it is certain to have its repercussions, and to encourage other nations to try to dispose of their products to their own people.

The question of most interest to the Landscaper does not seem to have had as much attention from students of world economics as it deserves. It is very simple: is it going to be possible for the world to split up into relatively small economic units once more, when transportation and communications have already succeeded in bringing Russia as close to the United States in point of time as Massachusetts was to South Carolina a matter of a century and a half ago. In short, even granting that prosperity is possible through purely domestic consumption, which seems very doubtful without at least a complete redefinition of the term prosperity, can we become economic nationalists in a world that is perforce international? And will the New Nationalism have any advantages over the old? Perhaps it may, if it brings

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about the death of Imperialism, although it is obvious enough that with a few nations, such as Japan, living and selling at home is entirely out of the question. In these cases, the usual steps have been and will be taken.

One of the "Ways-Out"

ONE of the most interesting of recent books that offers a very definite plan for economic recovery and stability suggests the possibility that this country may become independent of the rest of the world — may attain and keep a high living standard through supplying its own inhabitants with what they need. This is *Investing in Wages: A Plan for Eliminating the Lean Years*, by Albert L. Deane and Henry Kittredge Norton (Macmillan, $1.75). Mr. Deane, who is a business man, bases his theory upon the protection of the Purchasing Power, or, in other words, maintenance of wage scales. He believes in regulation of production through governmental agencies. His plan sounds very fine up to the point of the method of operation. It breaks down, in the opinion of this observer, because it takes for granted that a most difficult and complicated piece of economic planning, calling for tremendous skill and intelligence on the part of the directors and for unselfish coöperation on the part of the nation's bankers and manufacturers, could be managed successfully under the existing form of government in this country. Such tinkering with serious problems of economics as has been done in America, as for example, the efforts of the Farm Board to stabilize agricultural prices, has been singularly unsuccessful, and Mr. Deane would have us tackle tasks for which we do not seem to be prepared, either in technical knowledge or in character. There are, however, other details of the plan that are highly thought-provoking, and its apparent impracticability does not keep it from being good reading.

Controlling the Machine

CHARLES WHITING BAKER'S *Pathways Back to Prosperity* (Funk and Wagnalls, $2.50) is an engineer's study of the depression, which he blames primarily upon engineering achievements, or, to put it another way, upon labor-saving machinery, with its resulting increase in technological unemployment. Mr. Baker believes we have within our grasp an era of such prosperity as we have never known before if we can learn to control the forces that have brought us to our present sad state. His principal suggestion is a more equitable distribution of wealth; he agrees with Mr. Deane that wages must be kept up so that people may buy more goods, the manufacture and sale of which will make more money to pay more wages. This sounds a little too henryford to go down whole, but the most cynical student of current affairs will find Mr. Baker's book both good-tempered and thoughtful. It is not radical in its suggestions, and it does at least represent an honest effort to be constructive.

The Paradox of Plenty by Harper Leech (Whittlesey House—McGraw-Hill, $2.50) is a very readable book by a business journalist, who declares that we are not in the midst of a

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depression at all, but merely suffering from a mishandling of a great era of plenty, that, in other words, as soon as we solve our problems of distribution as well as we have solved our problems of production we shall all be pretty well off and with nothing to worry about in the future. Mr. Leech points out the fact that we can produce three times as many shoes in this country as we need, just as we can produce many times more of everything than we need. This is, to be sure, not so healthful a condition as it would seem, and it does suggest that the New Nationalists will have to do some thinking about how to dispose of these surplus products without selling them abroad. Nor do these statistics take into account the flexibility of the word Need. When a man has plenty of money in his pocket, he needs, let us say, six pairs of shoes a year, counting all categories; when he is worrying Mr. Hoover by hoarding, he can get by on two pairs, or if he has bought well in the first place, with a few dollars for repairs. . . .

Those Annoying Intangibles

THE crux of the whole question seems to rest upon intangibles, which makes it very difficult to deal with: How much of how many things do people actually need? Who knows? What is the American standard? Can this, or any other country be prosperous in the meaning of the '27–'29 era and be sane at the same time? How much of our "prosperity" was based upon luxury-buying and upon waste? How much upon the snob-appeal of our dear friends the advertising copy writers, who convinced us that we could not maintain our social positions and drive a last year's model, although last year's model was no different from this year's except for the radiator cap? Perhaps Mr. Leech knows the answers to all these questions. He has not given every one the fullest consideration in his book, but he writes interestingly, as a journalist must, and he will help any one to understand the nature of the problems we now face.

Any reader who cares to pursue the study of economics beyond these topical volumes will find Sumner H. Slichter's *Modern Economic Society* (Holt, $5) a comprehensive and intelligent survey of the situation. It is a good book to have in the back of one's mind in appraising the plans for helping us out of our present difficulties.

Mr. Ford to the Rescue

AS THIS is being written, the wheels are whirling in the factories of Mr. Henry Ford, who announced a short time ago that he was willing to risk millions to bring this country back to prosperity by launching a new model of his famous automobile. The myth of Henry the Wizard survives, strangely enough, and more people than a few felt their hearts pick up a few beats when they read the pronunciamentos of the Old Master. Those who are still optimistic should be careful not to read a new book called *The Tragedy of Henry Ford* by Jonathan Leonard Norton (Putnam, $3). Mr. Norton is mean enough to say that Mr. Ford has never done anything except to invent the Model T; that he has

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failed signally in all his plans for bettering the world, and that, in fact, they never were very good plans, anyway. It is, of course, very hard to shed tears over the tragedy of a man who still has something like a billion dollars, and one suspects that Mr. Norton saved his own while writing the book. It is undeniably true that Mr. Ford has lost his dominance of the cheap car field, that his Model T, with all its faults, was a better piece of machinery than he has turned out since, and that slowly but surely the truth has leaked out about Mr. Ford's treatment of his workmen, about his high wages, and about his ruthless contracts with his agents. The remarkable portrait of Ford that was drawn by his highly-paid press agents, and which impressed itself deeply upon the American mind, bears very little resemblance to the original, declares Mr. Leonard. The wicked spirits who enjoy seeing a popular idol smashed will enjoy *The Tragedy of Henry Ford*.

Other books that have a bearing upon the problems of the moment include Paul T. Frankl's *Machine-Made Leisure* (Harper, $2.50), in which a noted artist and designer comes boldly out for the Machine as an agent in creative design, and declares that mass-production may be made as æsthetically satisfying as it is cheap; *Men, Money and Mergers* by George L. Hoxie (Macmillan, $2.50), an attack on government ownership of public utilities, and a plea for non-interference with private companies in this field; and Harry W. Laidler's *The Road Ahead* (Crowell, $1.00), an admirably written Primer of Socialism, by the secretary of the League for Industrial Democracy.

Books About Mr. Hoover

CLEMENT WOOD, whose recent biography of Warren Gamaliel Harding was commented upon at some length here recently, now offers *Herbert Clark Hoover: An American Tragedy* (Michael Swain, $2) which is, for the most part, a re-write of the material contained in John Hammill's *The Strange Career of President Hoover Under Two Flags*. Mr. Wood writes entertainingly enough, although he is inclined to be flip at times; one could treat his books with more seriousness if they did not appear so patently to be in the nature of boob-catchers. *Tough Luck-Hoover Again*, by John L. Eaton (Vanguard, $1.25) is one of the shrewdest of all the recent books on Mr. Hoover and the political situation in general. Mr. Eaton, who was on the staff of the New York *World*, writes fairly and intelligently about our President. He is not scandalous or scurrilous, nor does he make any loose charges. The real point of his book is simply this: because we have the rigid two-party system in this country, we shall in all probability see Mr. Hoover reëlected whether anybody in the country really wants him to remain in the White House or not.

This is another way of saying that if the Democrats continue to act as stupidly as they have up to this time, there will be no doubt at all of Mr. Hoover's reëlection, and aside from the enforced loyalty of the Republican party to him, his continuance in office will have nothing to do with the approval or dis-

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approval of the People. Mr. Eaton calls upon the Democrats to take a liberal stand that will allow the intelligence of the country to rally to their banner. The best he can suggest, if the Democrats fail to hear his call — the odds are at least a thousand to one they will — is a Third Party, so he leaves the situation looking pretty hopeless. He has done a first-rate book, however, so good, in fact, that it will never reach the thousands who have devoured the more scandalous attacks upon the President.

Mr. Train into the Breach

ARTHUR TRAIN's board-bound pamphlet *The Strange Attacks on Herbert Hoover: What We Do with Our Presidents* (John Day, $1) is a refutation of all the charges that have been brought against Mr. Hoover by John Hammill and the others. Mr. Train's reasoning is that Washington and Lincoln were savagely and unfairly attacked, just as Mr. Hoover is being attacked, which in itself, to the logical mind, proves nothing. All our Presidents have been attacked; some of them deserved everything that was said about them. How does one differentiate? This is not to suggest that the Hammill and other volumes have been otherwise than detestable — literary garbage — but it is a hint that it is a little early in the game to link Mr. Hoover's name with Washington's and Lincoln's. To the Landscaper, the really interesting and significant thing about the attacks on Hoover is that they reveal how extraordinarily little was known of the early career of the man at the time he became President; it is dangerously possible to make a myth out of any sort of material with our present means of spreading propaganda. Then we wonder later why the myth turns out to be man. Can a democracy be successfully run on this basis?

Some one else has been finding out what is wrong with us, Leon Samson, the author of a book called *The New Humanism*, to which the Landscaper paid his respects upon its appearance. Mr. Samson's new book, *The American Mind* (Jonathan Cape and Robert Ballou, $3) is, its author declares, an attempt to psychoanalyze this country from the Marxian angle. It is a sweeping attack upon just about all our faults, including a large number which belong to all unfortunate members of the human race, and contains a large number of footnotes from contemporary sources that evidently got into the book without benefit of proof reading. Leafing through the volume, the Landscaper caught *Christmas Only*, for *Christians Only*, by Heywood Broun and George Brett; Louis Sher*man*, for Louis Sher*win*, of the *Evening Post*, and so on. Mr. Samson seems to this observer to be sloppy-minded. He writes carelessly, and his thinking is superficial. There is plenty wrong with us, Heaven knows, but we need better guides than this to get us out of the morass.

Some Worth While Novels

STACKS of other serious books on the widest variety of subjects stand by awaiting their turn, but perhaps the diet needs a little variety, and there are novels aplenty at hand also. A small group of

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unusually select ones would have to include John Dos Passos's *1919* (Harcourt, Brace, $2.50), a remarkably fine American novel; Louis Golding's *Magnolia Street* (Farrar and Rinehart, $3), an enormous Jewish chronicle, which comes to these shores with a great popular and critical success behind it in England; *Bright Skin* by Julia Peterkin (Bobbs-Merrill, $2.50), another Negro novel, with a touch of Harlem in its ending, and therefore hardly so good a piece of work as *Black April* or *Scarlet Sister Mary; A Glastonbury Romance* by John Cowper Powys, a thousand-page novel of tangled lives in an English village, impressive because of its quality as well as its quantity; *A Fortnight in September* by R. C. Sherriff (Stokes, $2), a tender and moving tale of a clerk and his family; and *Fathers of Their People* by H. W. Freeman (Holt, $2.50), a robust and earthy novel about Sussex farmers, by the author of *Joseph and His Brethren*. Here is a month's reading for any one, and the quality is guaranteed.

Those who have followed the curious allegory by Paul Eldredge and George Sylvester Viereck through *My First Two Thousand Years* and *Salome* will be pleased to know about a third section of this gigantic canvas, *The Invincible Adam* (Liveright, $2.50), which relates the adventures of one Kotikokura, otherwise Everyman.

About American Writers

LUDWIG LEWISOHN in his new book of criticism, *Expression in America* (Harper's, $4), which is on the whole the most interesting volume the Landscaper has had the pleasure of examining this month, speaks most favorably of the work of Mr. Viereck, and the Landscaper has found writing in the earlier volumes of this strange book that was quite impressive. What it will amount to when it is all finished is a little hard to say. It will be something of prime importance or nothing. Mr. Lewisohn stepped into this picture quite by accident, but so long as he is here, a further word about his book will not be out of place. It is more or less of a personal history of American literature, and contains excellent evaluations of many of our contemporaries, keen critical comment upon the work of Willa Cather, Theodore Dreiser, Eugene O'Neill, and many others, in addition to estimates of earlier writers. Mr. Lewisohn damns the Puritans for spoiling our early literary efforts and considers that we did not begin to write until we shook off Puritanism; a debatable theory, but no matter what his general thesis, he has much to say about American writers that should be of great interest and value to intelligent readers.

More Good Fiction

OTHER more or less new novels that are worth considering in making up lists of reading material include Erskine Caldwell's *Tobacco Road* (Scribner, $2.50), a story of poor whites in Georgia that may seem incredible, but which is written out of a full knowledge of these people; Lincoln Kirstein's *Flesh Is Heir* (Brewer, Warren and Putnam, $2), a first novel by the brilliant young editor of the *Hound and Horn*, which traces in a highly individual

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technique the adventures of a young man in trying to find himself — this is an experimental piece of fiction that is unusually engaging; *Unclay* by T. F. Powys (Viking, $2.50), an allegory by the author of *Mr. Weston's Good Wine* that is even better than that most unusual novel; *Czardas: A Story of Budapest*, by Jenö Heltai (Houghton Mifflin, $2.50); and *They Call It Patriotism* by Bruno Brehm (Little, Brown, $2.50). These last two deserve some further comment. *Czardas*, which has decorations by Lynd Ward, is the strange story of a Hungarian aviator in the World War, who, shot down in Galicia, spends some weeks in a military hospital. Here he is pursued by fantoms, and, going home to Budapest, he sets off to run down the creatures of his imaginings. His adventures make up the bulk of the book, which is a moving account of a highly sensitive person in contact with the problems of war; it is an altogether remarkable story. The Brehm novel has an historical background. It tells the story of what went on in Austria and the Balkan Peninsula from the assassination of King Alexander and Queen Draga in 1903 until the assassination of the Archduke Ferdinand and his wife at Sarajevo in 1914; the plot turns around the conflict between Dragutin Dimitrijević, nicknamed Apis, and the head of the Black Hand in Serbia, and this same Ferdinand. An introduction by Sidney B. Fay attests the accuracy of this fascinating picture of intrigue which finally set the world afire. Mr. Brehm handles his excellent material with the skill of a born novelist and story-teller.

Some Mystery Stories

THREE definitely unusual mystery stories have come this way lately. They are Russell Thorndike's *The Devil in the Belfry* (Lincoln MacVeagh — The Dial Press, $2), a long story of atmosphere, with the scene laid in the English cathedral town of Dullchester; *The Trial of Gregor Kaska* (Holt, $2) by Fred Andreas, a murder mystery translated from the German that is admirably done from the psychological point of view; and *The Tragedy of X: A Drury Lane Mystery*, by Barnaby Ross (Viking, $2), a New York story, with Drury Lane, ex-actor, as the detective, that is unusually baffling. This is Viking's first venture into the field of mystery stories, and is a good beginning.

To return to more serious matters, there are several new books available that should prove of interest to followers of world events, one of the best being *Years of Tumult* by James H. Powers, foreign editor of the Boston *Globe* (Norton, $3), a summary of the situation in Germany, in France, in India, in Manchuria, in Russia, and so on, a timely and informative volume, soundly written, and well grounded in fact. If one is seeking for a single volume in this field, he could do no better than to buy the work of Mr. Powers. H. R. Knickerbocker's *The German Crisis* (Farrar and Rinehart, $2.50) may be slightly dated by the elections that are at this moment taking place, but Mr. Knickerbocker knows his Germany and writes with intelligence and insight about it. His book is an attempt to furnish American investors with some idea

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of what has become of their four billion dollars and what chance they have of getting it back. *Is Germany Finished?* by Pierre Viennot (Macmillan, $1.25) is a small volume by a Frenchman who thinks Germany is in a parlous state, and who pleads with his own people to understand and to help. The French would be much more likely to sympathize and to help if they could bring themselves to believe that Germany was really finished; it is the fear that the Germans are anything else but finished that continues to make France a menace to the peace of Europe.

Events in Manchuria

THE only book of recent weeks bearing directly upon the situation in the Far East is *Manchuria: The Cockpit of Asia*, by Colonel P. T. Etherton and H. Hessell Tiltman (Stokes, $3.75), a down-to-the-minute volume that explains very thoroughly the Japanese venture into Manchuria, and also makes clear the fact that the invaders mean to hold on to their conquered territory, developing it as rapidly and as highly as possible. Owners of South American bonds will probably wish to read *Latin-American Problems* by Thomas F. Lee (Brewer, Warren and Putnam, $2.50), the work of a man who has lived all over South and Central America for almost thirty years, and who therefore knows what he is talking about. He takes his reader over the whole territory, discusses the countries humanly and economically, and gives fair and friendly judgments upon many matters that will be of importance in determining the future of our neighboring continent, not to mention our own. An American engineer's observations of Russia are to be found in *Working for the Soviets*, by Walter Arnold Rukeyser (Covici-Friede, $3), some one else who knows what he is talking about. Mr. Rukeyser's conclusions about the success of the Five-Year Plan are eminently full of common sense; he thinks that it will be years before Russian manufactured products can upset world markets, because of the huge domestic demand in sight, and adds that in general the Five-Year Plan was made without reference to the existing world depression. In other words, that with all the marvelous accomplishments of the Soviets to date, they are still in the woods, and still have an infinite variety of problems ahead, which they may have difficulty in solving even with the assistance of our capitalistic technicians.

The Prize Travel-Book

FOR pure adventure and scientific interest, there is no book out just now to be compared to *Arabia Felix* by Bertram Thomas (Scribner, $5). Thomas is one of those remarkable traveling Englishmen of the breed of Burton, Doughty, Lawrence and others. He was the first white man to make the journey from the Indian Ocean to the Persian Gulf, cutting across Southern Arabia, or Rub' al Khali, the Empty Quarter. His journey enabled geographers to fill in the last large blank on the map of the world, and the learned societies have given him one of every known variety of medal for his remarkable discoveries. Mr. Thomas writes vividly and overlooks nothing; his book is filled with illustrations

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of remarkable beauty and interest. In a world so full of bogus explorers it is real pleasure to be able to praise one of the right sort, and to say that his book will inevitably become a classic. Any one interested in the ballyhooey type of explorations may find out all about them from Herbert S. Dickey's *My Jungle Book* (Little, Brown, $3.50), an account of many years in Venezuela. Mr. Dickey does not like modern explorers who suffer intolerable hardships solely in order to make the rotogravure sections, and he pays them out most delightfully. His own book is excellent reading, tartly flavored, and written by some one else who has taken years to study the part of the country he writes about, instead of days or minutes, as is the custom. Other books about foreign lands include *Holy Prayers in a Horse's Ear* by Kathleen Tamagawa (Ray Long and Richard R. Smith, $3.50), a study of Japan written by a Japanese-American, and with real insight; *Nonsuch: Land of Water*, by William Beebe (Brewer, Warren and Putnam), Mr. Beebe's account of life on one of the Bermuda islands and in the water nearby; and *Brown Women and White*, Andrew A. Freeman (John Day, $3), a collection of sketches of Siam, highly flavored, and done into a book that is too eccentric in its appearance to be very satisfactory to look at or to read.

Some Recent Biography

THE biography shelf continues uncrowded, for what reason it is hard to discover. Of the books at hand, several are of unusual merit, among them David Loth's *Philip II* (Brentano's, $3.75), a skeletonized story of a marvelously rich period in which Mr. Loth has devoted nearly all his attention to the son of Charles of Europe, and from which Philip emerges an unhappy mediocrity, thrust by the cruel hand of Fate into the midst of great events. The basis of the work is research that has been carried on in the National Library of Madrid, and much of the material comes directly from Philip's letters or documents of state — he was, of course, devoted to writing and left ample evidence for the study of his biographers. Marcia Davenport, whose mother is Alma Gluck, has written a charming book called simply *Mozart* (Scribner, $5), the first American biography of this genius and one that is a credit both to Miss Davenport and the country. *Ludendorff: The Tragedy of a Military Mind* by Karl Tschuppik (Houghton Mifflin, $5), is a large and well-documented study of the part Ludendorff played in the downfall of Germany. Mr. Tschuppik holds his peculiarly military mind responsible, but one wonders, recalling the recent writings of the man, if he were not insane years before any one had suspected it. Perhaps it is possible for generals to hold on longer after their minds have disappeared than it is for most people. The Tschuppik volume is a valuable contribution to recent European history.

A Great American

THE most important recent American biography is Silas Bent's *Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes* (Vanguard, $4.50), a life that attempts to show a man greater than his works. Mr. Bent has done an excellent piece

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of research, the quality of the writing is good, and there is ample documentation. One wishes, without much hope, either, that a short life of Justice Holmes might be a part of the course of study in every American high school; he is a source of pride to all true patriots, and Mr. Bent has done a good job in preserving his life story for future generations. Eudora Ramsay Richardson has written an exciting life of a somewhat neglected figure in the Civil War period, Alexander H. Stephens, which she calls *Little Aleck* (Bobbs-Merrill, $3.50). Stephens was the vice-president of the Confederate States, a wisp of a man who was a fighter all his life, a wonderful speaker, and ceaselessly active, ending his political career as Governor of Georgia at the age of seventy. He believed in slavery, and believed even more firmly in State's rights, but stood out against secession as long as possible. Mrs. Richardson has made Stephens live again, and he is an irresistibly fascinating personality, a thing of flame and spirit, whose frail body never stood in the way of his purpose. *The Autobiography of Peggy Eaton* (Scribner, $2.50), the famous beauty of the Andrew Jackson period in Washington, is another book that will appeal to lovers of the by-ways of American history. Mrs. Eaton spent her latter years in New York, and left her autobiography in the hands of her minister with the understanding that publication would be withheld until the proper time. It is a touching story, and rounds out a fascinating chapter in this nation's story. Peggy was a beauty-cursed woman in the great tradition.

Lancer with Assistance

A STIRRING bit of autobiography is Richard Boleslavski's *Way of a Lancer* (Bobbs-Merrill), the savage and brutal account of the adventures of a Polish cavalryman, prepared with the assistance of Helen Woodward, who, the Landscaper seems to remember, was the author of the early advertising of the Literary Guild. She has not altogether lost the mail-order touch, let it be said; Mr. Boleslavski's material is so consistently highly-colored that the skeptical reader becomes a little uneasy of its complete authenticity. If it is hokum, it is first-rate hokum.

Somewhere in the section on America and its troubles, the Landscaper should have mentioned Wayman Hogue's *Back Yonder: An Ozark Chronicle* (Putnam, $3), an admirable account of primitive life in America when people got on well enough without money, and lived completely at home, wholly without the Machine. Mr. Hogue's complete authenticity might make his book a useful guide in case we have to retrace our steps, as many people have already in the rural regions of this country; he even tells in great detail how to make corn whiskey, although the sugar variety is just as good and doesn't take nearly so long to age. Howard Simon has done some striking woodcuts for *Back Yonder*, and it is a book that all older Americans will enjoy, a really remarkable picture of a backwoods community no more than sixty years ago, just around the corner from the Motor Age, and as far removed from it as the Tenth Century.

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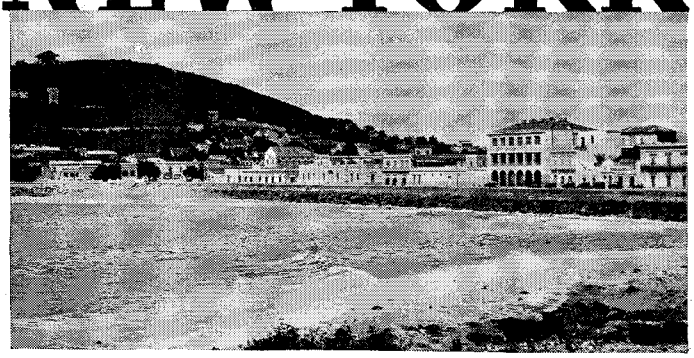

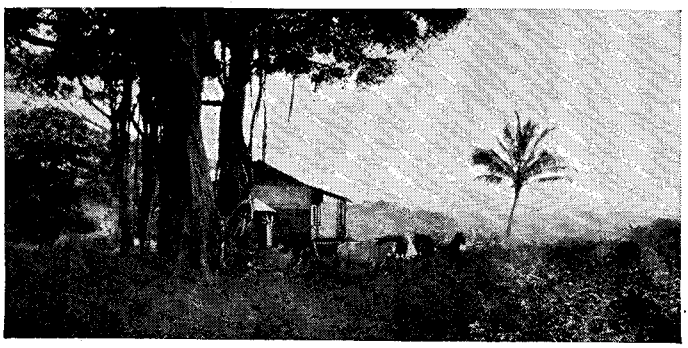

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Notes of a Cosmopolitan

By Barbara E. Scott

When you begin to see posters everywhere you turn bearing reproductions of Myron's fine old Greek athlete, *Discobolus* (the Discus Thrower), you will know that the Tenth Olympiad is approaching. It is the Tenth Olympiad of our modern era of course, for the imperially slim figure of the Athenian athlete was conceived back in the Golden Age of Pericles when Phidias, Polyclitus, and Myron were the arbiters of art and the Olympic Games celebrated Grecian festivals, in honor of the Olympian Zeus. 776 B.C., when these games were first held, seems a long way back as we count time, but in 1896 the idea of the Olympic Games was revived in the ancient stadium at Athens, this time with the added impetus of an international sport event.

Olympic Games at Los Angeles

Los Angeles is to be the scene of the Olympic Games this year and from July 30 until August 14, that city, known the world around for her genuine hospitality and charm, will have opportunity to make good all the fullness of her promise to a host of sport lovers from all over the world who will settle down on her like a swarm of locusts during this important two weeks. The opening and closing ceremonies of the Games will be held in the gigantic steel and concrete Olympic Stadium in Los Angeles, seating 105,000 spectators, while many of the intervening events will take place in that famous Rose Bowl Stadium in Pasadena which is but a short distance from Los Angeles in the Arroyo Seco and made memorable to all who know it by the majestic mountains round about it.

It is not the Olympic Games alone, however, that will draw the traveler and vacationist to California this summer, but the whole length and breadth of that State of the Golden Gate which, for all its being one of the solid United States today, has a patchwork past of Indians, Spanish Dons, Franciscan Friars and gold rush go-getters of '49, in its rich traditional background, that is always cropping up with unexpected and wholly delightful suddenness, to the complete satisfaction of the traveler.

Through the Forgotten Empire of the Canal Builders

Another aspect that adds to the attractiveness of a vacation in California this year is the variety of places and peoples you may come across in planning your itinerary there and back. Even if you have but a short two weeks to devote to the trip, the railroads, particularly the Santa Fe, are offering very low summer fares which cut the cost of the trip materially, as well as fast trains — both of which add to the feasibility of the plan. Along the Santa Fe route, if you would dally, are the Indian Detours and the Grand Canyon trips, offering unforgetable glimpses of that great Southwest of ours, so enchanting with its glowing colors and its even more arresting fragments of the lives and times of pre-historic peoples. We trace one of the vanished empires of the Southwest in Arizona in the ruins of a civilization known to us as that of the Canal Builders. The Indians refer to these people as "the forgotten ones," and though they made over two hundred miles of canals, reclaimed vast areas of desert, and built temples, houses and fortresses embracing the large part of the Salt and Gila river valleys, we are just beginning to learn something of this age-old empire. It is known that these great canals were dug with the most primitive implements, with the poor little stone hoes that have been found in great quantities along the banks of the canals, and that they had no beasts of burden to aid them in any way. Yet they built the Casa Grande which you and I may visit today. This structure, though it must have been finished

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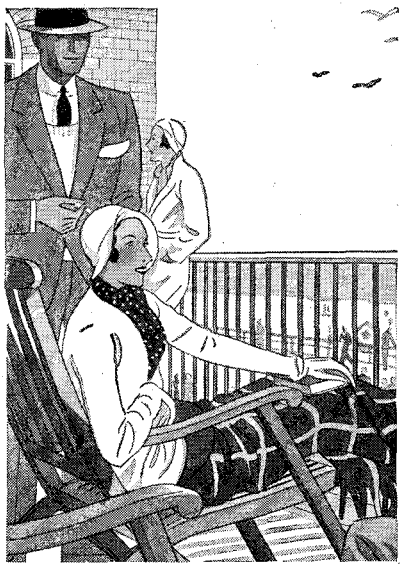
long before Columbus left Spain on his voyages of discovery, still staunchly lifts its windowless walls to the radiant azure of the sky, and points to the story of great achievement as certainly as do our skyscrapers today. Casa Grande, which is Spanish for the "Big House," was home to some of the Canal Builders, and this, with some fifty-odd other pre-historic ruins of houses and towns scattered over this district, makes a side trip on your way to or from California which is well worth while, as of course are any number of others.

East or West — via the Panama Canal

As a variant in your transportation arrangements, the possibilities of all sorts to be found in making the voyage from New York to Los Angeles or San Francisco by water are almost endless. Cruises offered fortnightly by the Grace Line include visits to seven foreign countries and follow a five-thousand-mile route that requires twenty-four days for the trip. Of course the sea voyage may be made between the east and west coast in less time than this, but the more leisurely passage by way of Central America, with side trips up into the interior cities in some cases, combines the pleasures of sight-seeing and relaxation with a nice balance.

Barro Colorado — a Bird's Paradise

Your first venture ashore will be Cartagena in South America, one of the few walled cities on the continent and even though these cream-colored ramparts are now more picturesque than stalwart, they are not without their arresting moments when you remember that they were peppered by Drake and Frobisher and that behind them at various times reposed much of the golden treasure of the Spanish Main. Our own Panama Canal is just as well worth knowing at first hand as any of our national parks, even though its principal interest is water. It has, however, a gem-like island — Barro Colorado — in the midst of the Canal, which the Government has set aside as a reservation for the study of an amazingly large group of fauna and flora which inhabit its jungle-covered surface. You may glimpse this lonesome little island as you pass through the



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canal. In reality it is the highest hilltop of the land which was flooded when the Panama Canal was completed, the Gatun Dam closed, and the hungry waters of the Charges River rose in rebellion and swallowed up the rest of the country. Only Barro Colorado, with a few smaller bits of land, are left of this once heavily forested primeval paradise, where, if you have glasses that are sufficiently strong, you might trace the antics of over two hundred and thirty different kinds of birds alone, not to mention many extraordinary animals. An interesting and valuable book called *My Tropical Castle*, by Dr. Frank M. Chapman, one of our foremost ornithologists, who has lived on this island, brings this little Ararat of the tropics very much to life and increases your pleasure in making the trip through the Canal.

Our Foreign Neighbors to the South

Costa Rica has its *tortillas* and *trapiches* (little sugar mills). Nicaragua is most unspoiled of all the Central Americas; here you may leave the ship at Corinto and journeying inland come upon the lovely Lake Nicaragua, and the sleepy Spanish town of Granada where pirates from the shores of the Caribbean stole away to hide their treasure, but where today the *finqueros* and comfortable coffee merchants dwell in wide-windowed houses built protectingly around flower-filled patios. Altogether too captivating to leave, you will agree. El Salvador has its sophisticated little capital San Salvador; Guatemala cherishes Guatemala City with her coffee-covered hills; Quirigua, the ruined city of the Mayas and once their capital, stands ghostly — its large plaza lined with rows of monoliths more than thirty feet high, carved and fantastically colored. Then there is Mazatlán, the Pacific port for those who would push on into Old Mexico. These places suggest but a bird's-eye view of the possibilities of a trip by water between New York and Los Angeles, between the city of skyscrapers and the city of the Tenth Olympiad.

Contrasting Rhythms

When Dr. Gerhart Hauptmann, the distinguished German dramatist, sailed for home after a recent visit to the United States, he remarked, "New York has a rhythm all its own," and sighing added, "Never have I spent a more intensive period." We all know just how he felt, and perhaps that is one reason that vacations play so necessary a part in our scheme of things, and a particular reason why the tranquillity of European life holds so strong an appeal for us when we begin planning a vacation. Even during the weeks between September first and the middle of November, when the staid old Silesian city of Breslau is arranging to hold a Gerhart Hauptmann exhibition concurrently with the production of his dramatic masterpieces, it is reasonable to assume that things will not be "so intensive" for the dean of German letters as were his three weeks in New York. Life on the Continent moves with the even tempo of some rhythmic waltz, while ours spins with the speed of a whirling dervish. But even dervishes have their moments, and in these lucid interludes Americans gather themselves together and many of them make for the Continent as speedily as possible. In fact Americans in ever-increasing numbers are discovering the recuperative aspects of quiet afforded by many of the European seaside resorts and the German Spas, and, making these their headquarters (for here much may be enjoyed for a very small monetary outlay) proceed to make trips about the country whenever and wherever the spirit moves.

Here and There with Goethe

This year American admirers of Johann Wolfgang von Goethe are arranging to travel extensively in Germany, going here and going there because Goethe once lived in or traveled through the same places. Goethe was keenly interested in America and in the progress she made, and at one period of his career was on the point of emigrating to the United States with the lovely Lili Schönemann to whom he was engaged at the time. What Goethe might have meant to America in those early days of her independence can only be surmised, but that he has always held an established place in the affections of many Americans there can be no doubt. And even the hundred years which have passed since his death have failed to lessen that esteem for wherever you may travel in Germany, it

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the great Goethe has passed that way, you will find each village and town deeming itself richer for his coming.

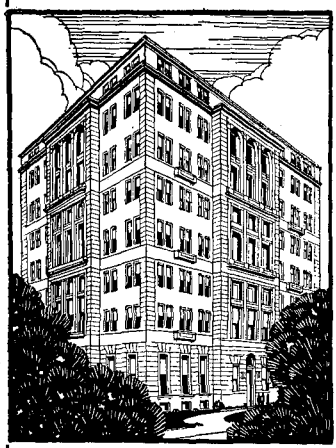
In Weimar, that little rococo Duchy in Thuringia that was to become so dear to Goethe during the fifty-six years of his life spent in its quiet atmosphere, we find today those things which recall most vitally his life and that of his contemporaries. This summer his best known plays — *Faust*, *Egmont*, *Iphigenia*, and *Torquato Tasso* — will be given at the National Theatre in Weimar, the parts being taken by leading actors drawn from all parts of Germany, and the possibility of seeing some of these plays produced in the charming little frilly Garden Theatre of Belvedere Palace and in Tiefurt, where Goethe and his friends once put on their private theatricals out under the trees for the amusement of the Court, will prove an added attraction.

Ascend the Bewitching Brocken

PERHAPS you will want to go from Weimar to Berlin, and if you pursue this itinerary, it will not be out of your way to stop for at least a glimpse of the Brocken, in the Harz Mountains. Wernigerode, where there are a number of good hotels, is an excellent point from which to climb the Brocken, the highest part of the Harz. This, you will remember, is where Goethe laid his famous Walpurgis night scene in Faust, and where the witches are still said to caper about on their broomsticks on that witching night in May. Goethe went on his first journey to the Harz Mountains alone in 1777, and it was then that he climbed the Brocken, quite a feat in those days when there was not even a dream of that smooth-running railway that carries you to the top today. This lovely German garden spot held so strong an appeal for Goethe that he came back to it twice afterwards, on one of his visits bringing the young son of Frau Charlotte von Stein with him as a companion, for he was very fond of the boy, as he was also of his mother. Bad Harzburg, about fifteen miles beyond Wernigerode, is the most popular resort in this region in summer, and half a dozen miles further on is Goslar, one of the most picturesque bits of Germany anywhere round, with

(*Continued on page XV*)

HAY-ADAMS house



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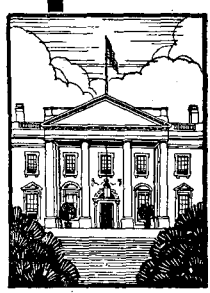

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The Reader's Turn

A Department of Comment and Controversy

Suggestion to the League

By Edwin G. Brown

A French writer has suggested that the importance and value of the League of Nations be increased by giving it supervision of world-embracing industrial activities, starting with European aviation. He suggests further that such a course would conduce to world peace.

There was talk a few years back of an association of German and French capital in the industries that need the raw material from the mines of both Germany and France. The development and final dominance of world-wide jingoism is, undoubtedly, one cause of the abandonment of this idea; another cause is the practical difficulty in the organization of such corporations offered by the absence of an authority, acceptable to both French and German capitalists, competent to issue a charter and exercise supervision.

It is self-evident that could such an organization of French and German capital be secured and large industries, so financed, be developed, friendship and good will would grow among all so associated — owners and employes. Further, it requires slight stretch of the imagination to believe that the successful development of such industries would be followed by others where the raw material of the two countries could and would be advantageously combined.

Here in America we know something of the effect upon interstate commerce of the differing and sometimes contradictory laws of the different States; but here we have, as a final resort, the United States Supreme Court. This fact, the French writer emphasizes; his argument running that the League of Nations should be the source from which authority to engage in world-embracing activities should emanate and the final tribunal for deciding controversial matters in connection with such activities.

The great majority of us want peace. Many of us feel that the direct efforts now being made to secure international peace are futile. Why not take another tack? Instead of trying to abolish war, let's organize the business of the world along lines that will make war so destructive of the material wealth, not only of the nations that fight, but the material wealth of all of us, that it will not be tolerated.

Suppose that international aviation throughout the world were controlled by one corporation, deriving its charter from the League of Nations, amenable only to rules and regulations promulgated by the League, its stock held by subsidiary companies in all parts of the world, and the stocks and bonds of those companies held by people in every nation; suppose that all the shipping companies doing international business were merged into one corporation, its stock distributed among all the nations; with just those two international industries so organized, their stocks and bonds so distributed, would the government of any nation consider engaging in war — a war that would destroy the wealth of its own people?

The American Telephone and Telegraph Company covers the United States; its stock is held in every State. Is it difficult to conceive of its merging with the Canadian and Mexican companies and forming a North American Company, owned by the people of North America?

Is there anything impractical in the suggestion that the powers of the League of Nations be enlarged to cover the authorization and supervision of international industrial activities? These activities already exist. The next step is to put them under central control which all will accept.

(*Continued on page XVI*)

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(*Continued from page XIII*)

its grand old Kaiserhaus and the finest Romanesque palace of the Saxon Emperors in all Germany, made memorable by its pageant of historic murals. Wordsworth came to live in Goslar for several months while Coleridge, who had come to Germany with him, spent some time in Gottingen.

Half-Timbered Houses of Hildesheim

ANOTHER ancient town that you would be sorry to be so near and miss is Hildesheim. You will not find fashionables flouncing through its streets, nor have worldlings spoiled it with sophistication, yet its quaint old squares and cobblestone streets lack no tales of romance and high adventure. Its half-timbered houses, topped by overhanging gables, its arched doorways and tapering towers, timid balconies and plain-faced clocks — all these appeal with unconscious grace to those who have an eye for architectural fancifulness, and wherever your eye rests it is aware of a picture. From the windows of the Rathaus you may look out on the drowsy Altstadter-Market, upon the figure of Roland atop the old stone fountain in the centre of the Square, and if you look within at the dim walls of the Rathaus you will see that very same fountain pictured in a mural dated 1493. Guide books tell us that the Rauthaus was said to be a century old then. The Templehaus is of stone and nearly as ancient as the Rathaus, while the guildhouse of the butchers, which has been standing for four hundred years, is considered the finest half-timbered building in Germany. And if these extraordinary old buildings have but whetted your desire for seeing things of other days, go to the Galensburg Restaurant and hear first-hand tales of that astonishing find, not so long ago, of a cache containing some eighty separate articles of Roman silver, supposed to have been hidden sometime in the Eighth Century to escape Charlemagne's too eager hand. You may see the silver in Berlin.

Where Transportation is a Science

ALL this traveling about in Germany is made extremely easy and practical because of the excellent service rendered by the German Railways. To stimulate interest in the theatre, for instance, they are issuing round-trip tickets at reduced rates to the large centres, such as Berlin and Munich, from the suburbs and surrounding towns, and Americans can take advantage of these savings as well as those who reside in these territories. With true German thoughtfulness, signs have been placed at even the smallest stations giving the destinations of trains, times of departure, and general directions as to how the trains are made up. At some stations, plans of the make-up, as to first, second and third class coaches, are placed in elevated positions before the train arrives, so that those in the station may easily see the plan and learn just where their coach is to be found before the excitement of the last moment. An organization which operates much as our Travelers Aid Society carries on at railway stations, and simplifies travel for those who are timid or inexperienced travelers. And to make assurance doubly sure, several of the large universities have established special chairs for "Transportation Science." The district organizations of the tourist interests arrange regular courses at these institutions for the personnel of the tourist bureaus, and these cover all the ramifications of tourist traffic. So if you are not well looked after while traveling in Germany it is not going to be the fault of the German Railways.

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BIG BROTHERS IN THE BALKANS
By GEORGE GERHARD
In the June—
NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW

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(*Continued from page XIV*)

It can be done. It will be done. And when it is done, disarmament will follow, world peace will be with us.

The New Intellectual

By J. L.

THAT there is a new intellectual, as Mr. William Troy declares so forcibly in the April NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, I think no observer of the contemporary scene will deny. That this new intellectual is an improvement over the old, the 1920–29 vintage, however, I think a great many observers might doubt. To one such observer at least, Mr. Troy appears to put a somewhat too high value on mere activity. What, for example, is so admirable about a back to the country movement simply as such? Why is an agitated removal from a Montparnasse attic to a Mexican hut to be applauded more loudly than the similar agitated removal, which took place a few years before, from Greenwich Village basements and South Side Chicago second-floor backs to Montparnasse attics? Why is a hazy, somewhat remote discussion of Communism versus Capitalism, such as one hears nowadays, preferable to the same quality of discussion of James Joyce versus the Arnold Bennett school, which one heard in the same quarters and from the same persons in 1924? Merely because more action results, or seems likely to result, from it? I'm sorry, but I can not see it. Or perhaps Mr. Troy and I are not talking about the same thing.

Anyway, I am still to be convinced that the painter will prove himself to be of as much value directing the operations of coal companies in Kentucky as he has proved himself to be in his at present despised studio before his easel. I still believe the novelist will do better to stick to the novel and leave the balancing of statistics to the economists. I still prefer hearing the musician in the recital hall to hearing him in the lecture auditorium, and I believe, in short, that *An American Tragedy* will be remembered when the same author's *Tragic America* is (blessedly) forgotten. All this may be very "old hat" of me, and I should not at all mind having so excellent an essayist as Mr. Troy put me back in my place, if he saw fit to do so.

From Boston

ANONYMOUS

I READ the very interesting article in this month's NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, *Sodom and Tomorrow*, and write this to tell my theory as to the reason for the astounding vulgarity and indecency of Americans today.

You get nothing worth while in this world without having to pay a price for it, and quite rightly. Now, the white people who settled the United States improved their own fortunes and their descendants' material fortunes immensely, *but* they had to pay a big price for it. This price was the gradual loosening of all moral and religious values, so that our great-great-grandfathers and grandmothers were far more civilized people than we are today, because they still possessed the fine values they inherited from their English ancestors. Settlers in a new country *always* lose their sense of civilized values for a time, the reason being that the law of Nature demands that the founders of a new nation become barbarians again, so that she can mould them to suit the "genius" of their new country; that is why Americans are so fluid today in their standards.

Then the enormous immigration from Europe's poorest peoples that came to the United States for thirty years, in answer to American manufacturers' demands for cheap labor, poisoned the "aura" of America and their mass influence imposed peasants' sense of values on the original Colonial stock.

The Americans of today have *no* standards, that is why they are so unhappy and why suicide is so common in the United States. But Dame Nature is getting ready for her next move; she has crushed all decency out of us and so has made us soft and plastic; soon she will overwhelm us with horrors, and out of the fire of that terrible ordeal the new American nation will arise, with its fine standards of right and wrong. Every nation has to forget its own system of religion and its own ethical standards out of its own fiery and terrible experiences. Just as Sodom and Gomorrah paid dearly for their sins, so Providence will plunge us into a sea of fire. We decent Americans will win the battle in the long run, though the fight will be bloody, but all Sodom and Gomorrah instincts will be purged out of us.

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